

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1862.

THE WATER-BABIES:

A FAIRY TALE FOR A LAND-BABY.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR KINGSLEY, F.L.S. ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

So the salmon went up, after Tom had warned them of the wicked old otter; and Tom went down, but slowly and cautiously, coasting along the shore; and he was many days about it, for it was many miles down to the sea.

And, as he went, he had a very strange adventure. It was a clear still September night, and the moon shone so brightly down through the water, that he could not sleep, though he shut his eyes as tight as he could. So, at last, he came up to the top, and sat upon a little point of rock, and looked up at the broad yellow moon, and wondered what she was, and thought that she looked at him. And he watched the moonlight on the rippling river, and the black heads of the firs, and the silver-frosted lawns, and listened to the owl's hoot, and the snipe's bleat, and the fox's bark, and the otter's laugh; and smelt the soft perfume of the birches, and the wafts of heather honey off the grouse-moor far above; and felt very happy, though he could not well tell why. You, of course, would have been very cold sitting there on a September night, without the least bit of clothes on your wet back; but Tom was a water-baby, and therefore felt cold no more than a fish.

Suddenly, he saw a beautiful sight. A bright red light moved along the
No. 37.—VOL. VII.

river side, and threw down into the water a long tap-root of flame. Tom, curious little rogue that he was, must needs go and see what it was; so he swam to the shore, and met the light as it stopped over a shallow run at the edge of a low rock.

And there, underneath the light, lay five or six great salmon, looking up at the flame with their great goggle eyes, and wagging their tails, as if they were very much pleased at it.

Tom came to the top, to look at this wonderful light nearer, and made a splash.

And he heard a voice say:—

“There was a fish rose.”

He did not know what the words meant: but he seemed to know the sound of them, and to know the voice which spoke them; and he saw on the bank three great two-legged creatures, one of whom held the light, flaring and sputtering, and another a long pole. And he knew that they were men, and was frightened, and crept into a hole in the rock, from which he could see what went on.

The man with the torch bent down over the water, and looked earnestly in; and then he said:

“Tak that muckle fellow, lad; he's ower fifteen puns; and haud your hand steady.”

Tom felt that there was some danger

coming, and longed to warn the foolish salmon, who kept staring up at the light as if he was bewitched. But, before he could make up his mind, down came the pole through the water; there was a fearful splash and struggle, and Tom saw that the poor salmon was speared right through, and was lifted out of the water.

And then, from behind, there sprung on these three men three other men; and there were shouts, and blows, and words which Tom recollected to have heard before; and he shuddered and turned sick at them now, for he felt somehow that they were strange, and ugly, and wrong, and horrible. And it all began to come back to him. They were men; and they were fighting; savage, desperate, up-and-down fighting, such as Tom had seen too many times before.

And he stopped his little ears, and longed to swim away; and was very glad that he was a water-baby, and had nothing to do any more with horrid dirty men, with foul clothes on their backs, and foul words on their lips: but he dared not stir out of his hole; while the rock shook over his head with the trampling and struggling of the keepers and the poachers.

All of a sudden there was a tremendous splash, and a frightful flash, and a hissing, and all was still.

For into the water, close to Tom, fell one of the men; he who held the light in his hand. Into the swift river he sank, and rolled over and over in the current. Tom heard the men above run along, seemingly looking for him: but he drifted down into the deep hole below, and there lay quite still, and they could not find him.

Tom waited a long time, till all was quiet; and then he peeped out, and saw the man lying. At last he screwed up his courage, and swam down to him. "Perhaps," he thought, "the water has made him fall asleep, as it did me."

Then he went nearer. He grew more and more curious, he could not tell why. He must go and look at him. He would go very quietly, of course;

and he swam round and round him, closer and closer; and, as he did not stir, at last he came quite close and looked him in the face.

The moon shone so bright that Tom could see every feature; and, as he saw, he recollected, bit by bit. It was his old master, Grimes.

Tom turned tail, and swam away as fast as he could.

"Oh dear me!" he thought, "now he will turn into a water-baby. What a nasty troublesome one he will be! And perhaps he will find me out, and beat me again."

So he went up the river again a little way, and lay there the rest of the night under an alder root; but, when morning came, he longed to go down again to the big pool, and see whether Mr. Grimes had turned into a water-baby yet.

So he went very carefully, peeping round all the rocks, and hiding under all the roots. Mr. Grimes lay there still; he had not turned into a water-baby. In the afternoon Tom went back again. He could not rest till he had found out what had become of Mr. Grimes. But this time Mr. Grimes was gone; and Tom made up his mind that he was turned into a water-baby.

He might have made himself easy, poor little man; Mr. Grimes did not turn into a water-baby, or anything like one at all. But he did not make himself easy; and a long time he was fearful lest he should meet Grimes suddenly in some deep pool. He could not know that the fairies had carried him away, and put him, where they put everything which falls into the water, exactly where it ought to be. But, do you know, what had happened to Mr. Grimes had such an effect on him, that he never poached salmon any more. And it is quite certain that, when a man becomes a confirmed poacher, the only way to cure him is to put him under water for twenty-four hours, like Grimes. So, when you grow to be a big man, do you behave as all honest fellows should; and never touch a fish or a head of game which belongs to another man without his express leave; and then people will

call you a gentleman, and treat you like one, and perhaps give you good sport; instead of hitting you into the river, or calling you a poaching snob.

Then Tom went on down, for he was afraid of staying near Grimes; and, as he went, all the vale looked sad. The red and yellow leaves showered down into the river; the flies and beetles were all dead and gone; the chill autumn fog lay low upon the hills, and sometimes spread itself so thickly on the river, that he could not see his way. But he felt his way instead, following the flow of the stream, day after day, past great bridges, past boats and barges, past the great town, with its wharfs, and mills, and tall smoking chimneys, and ships which rode at anchor in the stream; and now and then he ran against their hawsers, and wondered what they were, and peeped out, and saw the sailors lounging on board, smoking their pipes, and ducked under again, for he was terribly afraid of being caught by man and turned into a chimney-sweep again. Poor little fellow, it was a dreary journey for him; and more than once he longed to be back in Vendale, playing with the trout in the bright summer sun. But it could not be. What has been once can never come over again. And people can be little babies, even water-babies, only once in their lives.

Besides, people who make up their minds to go and see the world, as Tom had, must needs find it a weary journey. Lucky for them if they do not lose heart and stop half way, instead of going on bravely to the end as Tom did. For then they will remain neither boys nor men, neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring; having learnt a great deal too much, and yet not enough, and sown their wild oats, without having the advantage of reaping them.

But Tom was always a brave, determined little English bull-dog, who never knew when he was beaten; and on and on he held, till he saw a long way off the red buoy through the fog. And then he found, to his surprise, the stream turned round, and running up inland.

It was the tide, of course: but Tom

knew nothing of the tide. He only knew that in a minute more the water, which had been fresh, turned salt all round him. And then there came a change over him. He felt as strong, and light, and fresh, as if his veins had run champagne; and gave, he did not know why, three skips out of the water, a yard high, and head over heels, just as the salmon do when they first touch the noble rich salt water, which, as some wise men tell us, is the mother of all living things.

He did not care now for the tide being against him. The red buoy was in sight, dancing in the open sea; and to the buoy he would go, and to it he went. He passed great shoals of bass and mullet, leaping and rushing in after the shrimps, but he never heeded them, or they him; and once he passed a great black shining seal, who was coming in after the mullet. And the seal put his head and shoulders out of water, and stared at him, looking exactly like a fat old greasy negro with a grey pate. And Tom, instead of being frightened, said, "How d'ye do, sir; what a beautiful place the sea is!" And the old seal, instead of trying to bite him, looked at him with his soft, sleepy, winking eyes, and said, "Good tide to you, my little man; are you looking for your brothers? I past them all at play, outside!"

"Oh, then," said Tom, "I shall have playfellows at last!" and he swam on to the buoy, and got upon it (for he was quite out of breath) and sat there, and looked round for water-babies: but there were none to be seen.

The sea-breeze came in freshly with the tide, and blew the fog away, and the little waves danced for joy around the buoy, and the old buoy danced with them. The shadows of the clouds ran races over the bright blue bay, and yet never caught each other up; and the breakers plunged merrily upon the wide white sands, and jumped up over the rocks, to see what the green fields inside were like, and tumbled down and broke themselves all to pieces, and never minded it a bit, but mended themselves and jumped up again. And the terms

coming, and longed to warn the foolish salmon, who kept staring up at the light as if he was bewitched. But, before he could make up his mind, down came the pole through the water; there was a fearful splash and struggle, and Tom saw that the poor salmon was speared right through, and was lifted out of the water.

And then, from behind, there sprung on these three men three other men; and there were shouts, and blows, and words which Tom recollected to have heard before; and he shuddered and turned sick at them now, for he felt somehow that they were strange, and ugly, and wrong, and horrible. And it all began to come back to him. They were men; and they were fighting; savage, desperate, up-and-down fighting, such as Tom had seen too many times before.

And he stopped his little ears, and longed to swim away; and was very glad that he was a water-baby, and had nothing to do any more with horrid dirty men, with foul clothes on their backs, and foul words on their lips: but he dared not stir out of his hole; while the rock shook over his head with the trampling and struggling of the keepers and the poachers.

All of a sudden there was a tremendous splash, and a frightful flash, and a hissing, and all was still.

For into the water, close to Tom, fell one of the men; he who held the light in his hand. Into the swift river he sank, and rolled over and over in the current. Tom heard the men above run along, seemingly looking for him: but he drifted down into the deep hole below, and there lay quite still, and they could not find him.

Tom waited a long time, till all was quiet; and then he peeped out, and saw the man lying. At last he screwed up his courage, and swam down to him. "Perhaps," he thought, "the water has made him fall asleep, as it did me."

Then he went nearer. He grew more and more curious, he could not tell why. He must go and look at him. He would go very quietly, of course;

and he swam round and round him, closer and closer; and, as he did not stir, at last he came quite close and looked him in the face.

The moon shone so bright that Tom could see every feature; and, as he saw, he recollected, bit by bit. It was his old master, Grimes.

Tom turned tail, and swam away as fast as he could.

"Oh dear me!" he thought, "now he will turn into a water-baby. What a nasty troublesome one he will be! And perhaps he will find me out, and beat me again."

So he went up the river again a little way, and lay there the rest of the night under an alder root; but, when morning came, he longed to go down again to the big pool, and see whether Mr. Grimes had turned into a water-baby yet.

So he went very carefully, peeping round all the rocks, and hiding under all the roots. Mr. Grimes lay there still; he had not turned into a water-baby. In the afternoon Tom went back again. He could not rest till he had found out what had become of Mr. Grimes. But this time Mr. Grimes was gone; and Tom made up his mind that he was turned into a water-baby.

He might have made himself easy, poor little man; Mr. Grimes did not turn into a water-baby, or anything like one at all. But he did not make himself easy; and a long time he was fearful lest he should meet Grimes suddenly in some deep pool. He could not know that the fairies had carried him away, and put him, where they put everything which falls into the water, exactly where it ought to be. But, do you know, what had happened to Mr. Grimes had such an effect on him, that he never poached salmon any more. And it is quite certain that, when a man becomes a confirmed poacher, the only way to cure him is to put him under water for twenty-four hours, like Grimes. So, when you grow to be a big man, do you behave as all honest fellows should; and never touch a fish or a head of game which belongs to another man without his express leave; and then people will

call you a gentleman, and treat you like one, and perhaps give you good sport; instead of hitting you into the river, or calling you a poaching snob.

Then Tom went on down, for he was afraid of staying near Grimes; and, as he went, all the vale looked sad. The red and yellow leaves showered down into the river; the flies and beetles were all dead and gone; the chill autumn fog lay low upon the hills, and sometimes spread itself so thickly on the river, that he could not see his way. But he felt his way instead, following the flow of the stream, day after day, past great bridges, past boats and barges, past the great town, with its wharfs, and mills, and tall smoking chimneys, and ships which rode at anchor in the stream; and now and then he ran against their hawsers, and wondered what they were, and peeped out, and saw the sailors lounging on board, smoking their pipes, and ducked under again, for he was terribly afraid of being caught by man and turned into a chimney-sweep again. Poor little fellow, it was a dreary journey for him; and more than once he longed to be back in Vendale, playing with the trout in the bright summer sun. But it could not be. What has been once can never come over again. And people can be little babies, even water-babies, only once in their lives.

Besides, people who make up their minds to go and see the world, as Tom had, must needs find it a weary journey. Lucky for them if they do not lose heart and stop half way, instead of going on bravely to the end as Tom did. For then they will remain neither boys nor men, neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring; having learnt a great deal too much, and yet not enough, and sown their wild oats, without having the advantage of reaping them.

But Tom was always a brave, determined little English bull-dog, who never knew when he was beaten; and on and on he held, till he saw a long way off the red buoy through the fog. And then he found, to his surprise, the stream turned round, and running up inland.

It was the tide, of course: but Tom

knew nothing of the tide. He only knew that in a minute more the water, which had been fresh, turned salt all round him. And then there came a change over him. He felt as strong, and light, and fresh, as if his veins had run champagne; and gave, he did not know why, three skips out of the water, a yard high, and head over heels, just as the salmon do when they first touch the noble rich salt water, which, as some wise men tell us, is the mother of all living things.

He did not care now for the tide being against him. The red buoy was in sight, dancing in the open sea; and to the buoy he would go, and to it he went. He passed great shoals of bass and mullet, leaping and rushing in after the shrimps, but he never heeded them, or they him; and once he passed a great black shining seal, who was coming in after the mullet. And the seal put his head and shoulders out of water, and stared at him, looking exactly like a fat old greasy negro with a grey pate. And Tom, instead of being frightened, said, "How d'ye do, sir; what a beautiful place the sea is!" And the old seal, instead of trying to bite him, looked at him with his soft, sleepy, winking eyes, and said, "Good tide to you, my little man; are you looking for your brothers? I past them all at play, outside!"

"Oh, then," said Tom, "I shall have playfellows at last!" and he swam on to the buoy, and got upon it (for he was quite out of breath) and sat there, and looked round for water-babies: but there were none to be seen.

The sea-breeze came in freshly with the tide, and blew the fog away, and the little waves danced for joy around the buoy, and the old buoy danced with them. The shadows of the clouds ran races over the bright blue bay, and yet never caught each other up; and the breakers plunged merrily upon the wide white sands, and jumped up over the rocks, to see what the green fields inside were like, and tumbled down and broke themselves all to pieces, and never minded it a bit, but mended themselves and jumped up again. And the terms

hovered over Tom like huge white dragon-flies with black heads, and the gulls laughed like girls at play, and the sea-pies, with their red bills and legs, flew to and fro from shore to shore, and whistled sweet and wild. And Tom looked and looked, and listened; and he would have been very happy, if he could only have seen the water-babies. Then, when the tide turned, he left the buoy, and swam round and round in search of them; but in vain. Sometimes he thought he heard them laughing; but it was only the laughter of the ripples. And sometimes he thought he saw them at the bottom; but it was only white and pink shells. And once he was sure he had found one, for he saw two bright eyes peeping out of the sand. So he dived down, and began scraping the sand away, and cried, "Don't hide; I do want some one to play with so much!" And out jumped a great turbot, with his ugly eyes and mouth all awry, and flopped away along the bottom, knocking poor Tom over. And he sat down at the bottom of the sea, and cried salt tears from sheer disappointment.

To have come all this way, and faced so many dangers, and yet to find no water-babies! How hard! Well, it did seem hard; but people, even little babies, cannot have all they want without waiting for it, and working for it too, my little man, as you will find out some day.

And Tom sat upon the buoy long days, long weeks, looking out to sea, and wondering when the water-babies would come back; and yet they never came.

Then he began to ask all the strange things which came in out of the sea if they had seen any; and some said "Yes," and some said nothing at all.

He asked the bass and the pollock; but they were so greedy after the shrimps that they did not care to answer him a word.

Then there came in a whole fleet of purple sea-snails, floating along each on a sponge full of foam, and Tom said, "Where do you come from, you pretty

creatures? and have you seen the water-babies?"

And the sea-snails answered, "Whence we come we know not; and whither we are going, who can tell? We float out our little life in the mid-ocean, with the warm sunshine above our heads, and the warm gulf stream below; and that is enough for us. Yes, perhaps we have seen the water-babies. We have seen many strange things as we sailed along." And they floated away, the happy stupid things, and all went ashore upon the sands.

Then there came in a great lazy sun-fish, as big as a fat pig cut in half; and he seemed to have been cut in half too, and squeezed in a clothes-press till he was flat; and to all his big body and big fins he had only a little rabbit's mouth, no bigger than Tom's; and, when Tom questioned him, he answered in a little squeaky, feeble voice:

"I'm sure I don't know. I've lost my way. I meant to go to New York, and I'm afraid I've got wrong, somehow. Dear me! it was all by following that nice warm water. I'm sure I've lost my way."

And, when Tom asked him again, he could only answer, "I've lost my way. Don't talk to me. I want to think."

But, like a good many other people, the more he tried to think the less he could think; and Tom saw him blundering about all day, till the coast-guardsmen saw his big fin above the water, and rowed out, and struck a boat-hook into him, and took him away. They took him up to the town and showed him for a penny a head, and made a good day's work of it. But of course Tom did not know that.

Then there came by a shoal of porpoises, rolling as they went—papas, and mammas, and little children—and all quite smooth and shiny, because the fairies French-polish them every morning; and they sighed so softly as they came by, that Tom took courage to speak to them: but all they answered was, "Hush, hush, hush;" for that was all they had learnt to say.

And then there came a shoal of

basking sharks, some of them as long as a boat, and Tom was frightened at them. But they were very lazy, good-natured fellows, not greedy tyrants, like white sharks, and blue sharks, and ground sharks, and hammer-heads, who eat men, and saw-fish, and threshers, and ice-sharks, who hunt the poor old whales. They came and rubbed their great sides against the buoy, and lay basking in the sun with their backfins out of water; and winked at Tom: but he never could get them to speak. They had eaten so many herrings that they were quite stupid; and Tom was glad when a collier brig came by, and frightened them all away; for they did smell most horribly, certainly, and he had to hold his nose tight as long as they were there.

And then there came by a beautiful creature, like a ribbon of pure silver with a sharp head and very long teeth: but it seemed very sick and sad. Sometimes it rolled helpless on its side; and then it dashed away, glittering like white fire; and then it lay sick again, and motionless.

"Where do you come from?" asked Tom. "And why are you so sick and sad?"

"I come from the warm Carolinas, the sand-banks fringed with pines; where the great owl-rays leap and flap, like giant bats, upon the tide. But I wandered north and north, upon the treacherous warm gulf stream, till I met with the cold icebergs, afloat in the mid-ocean. So I got tangled among the icebergs, and chilled with their frozen breath. But the water-babies helped me from among them, and set me free again. And now I am mending every day; but I am very sick and sad; and perhaps I shall never get home again to play with the owl-rays any more."

"Oh!" cried Tom. "And you have seen water-babies? Have you seen any near here?"

"Yes; they helped me again last night, or I should have been eaten by a great black porpoise."

How vexatious! The water-babies close to him, and yet he could not find one.

And then he left the buoy, and used to go along the sands, and round the rocks, and come out in the night—like the forsaken Merman in Mr. Arnold's beautiful, beautiful poem, which you must learn by heart some day—and sit upon a point of rock, among the shining sea-weeds, in the low October tides, and cry and call for the water-babies: but he never heard a voice call in return. And, at last, with his fretting and crying, he grew quite lean and thin.

But one day among the rocks he found a playfellow. It was not a water-baby, alas! but it was a lobster; and a very distinguished lobster he was; for he had live barnacles on his claws, which is a great mark of distinction in lobsterdom, and no more to be bought for money than a good conscience or the Victoria Cross.

Tom had never seen a lobster before; and he was mightily taken with this one; for he thought him the most curious, odd, ridiculous creature he had ever seen; and there he was not far wrong; for all the ingenious men, and all the scientific men, and all the fanciful men, in the world, with all the old German boggy-painters into the bargain, could never invent, if all their wits were boiled into one, anything so curious, and so ridiculous, as a lobster.

He had one claw knobbed and the other jagged; and Tom delighted in watching him hold on to the sea-weed with his knobbed claw, while he cut up salads with his jagged one, and then put them into his mouth, after smelling at them, like a monkey. And always the little barnacles threw out their casting nets and swept the water, and came in for their share of whatever there was for dinner.

But Tom was most astonished to see how he fired himself off—snap! like the leap-frogs which you make out of a goose's breast-bone. Certainly he took the most wonderful shots, and backwards, too. For, if he wanted to go into a narrow crack ten yards off, what do you think he did? If he had gone in head foremost, of course he could not have turned round. So he used to turn

his tail to it, and lay his long horns, which carry his sixth sense in their tips (and nobody knows what that sixth sense is), straight down his back to guide him, and twist his eyes back till they almost came out of their sockets, and then make ready, present, fire, snap!—and away he went, pop into the hole; and peeped out and twiddled his whiskers, as much as to say, "You couldn't do that!"

Tom asked him about water-babies. "Yes," he said. He had seen them often. But he did not think much of them. They were meddlesome little creatures, that went about helping fish and shells which got into scrapes. Well, for his part, he should be ashamed to be helped by little soft creatures that had not even a shell on their backs. He had lived quite long enough in the world to take care of himself.

He was a conceited fellow, the old lobster, and not very civil to Tom; and you will hear how he had to alter his mind before he was done, as conceited people generally have. But he was so funny, and Tom so lonely, that he could not quarrel with him; and they used to sit in holes in the rocks, and chat for hours.

And about this time there happened to Tom a very strange and important adventure—so important, indeed, that he was very near never finding the water-babies at all; and I am sure you would have been sorry for that.

I hope that you have not forgotten the little white lady all this while. At least, here she comes, looking like a clean, white, good little darling, as she always was, and always will be. For it befel in the pleasant short December days, when the wind always blows from the south-west, till Old Father Christmas comes and spreads the great white table-cloth, ready for little boys and girls to give the birds their Christmas dinner of crumbs—it befel (to go on) in the pleasant December days, that Sir John was so busy hunting that nobody at home could get a word out of him. Four days a week he hunted, and very good sport he had; and the other two

he went to the bench and the board of guardians, and very good justice he did; and, when he got home in time, he dined at half-past five; for he hated this absurd new fashion of dining at eight in the hunting season, which forces a man to make interest with the footman for cold beef and beer as soon as he comes in, and so spoil his appetite, and then sleep in an arm-chair in his bedroom, all stiff and tired, for two or three hours, before he can get his dinner like a gentleman. And do you be like Sir John, my dear little man, when you are your own master; and, if you want either to read hard or ride hard, stick to the good old Cambridge hours of breakfast at eight and dinner at five, by which you may get two days' work out of one. But, of course, if you find a fox at three in the afternoon and run him till dark, and leave off twenty miles from home, why you must wait for your victuals till you can get them, as better men than you have done. Only see that, if you go hungry, your horse does not: but give him his warm gruel and beer, and take him gently home, remembering that good horses don't grow on the hedge like blackberries.

It befel (to go on a second time) that Sir John, hunting all day and dining at five, fell asleep every evening, and snored so terribly that all the windows in Harthover shook, and the soot fell down the chimneys. Whereon My Lady, being no more able to get conversation out of him than a bray out of a dead donkey, determined to go off and leave him, and the doctor, and Captain Swinger the agent, to snore in concert every evening to their hearts' content. So she started for the sea-side with all the children, in order to put herself and them into condition by mild applications of iodine. She might as well have stayed at home and used Parry's liquid horse-blister, for there was plenty of it in the stables; and then she would have saved her money, and saved the chance, also, of making all the children ill instead of well (as hundreds are made), by taking them

to some nasty, smelling, undrained lodging, and then wondering how they caught scarlatina and diphtheria: but people won't be wise enough to understand that till they are all dead of bad smells, and then it will be too late; and besides, you see, Sir John did certainly snore very loud.

But where she went to nobody must know, for fear young ladies should begin to fancy that there are water-babies there; and so hunt and howl after them (besides raising the price of lodgings), and keep them in aquariums, as the ladies at Pompeii (as you may see by the paintings) used to keep Cupids in cages. But nobody ever heard that they starved the Cupids, or let them die of dirt and neglect, as English young ladies do by the poor sea-beasts. So nobody must know where My Lady went. Letting water-babies die is as bad as taking singing-birds' eggs; for, though there are thousands, ay, millions, of both of them in the world, yet there is not one too many.

Now it befel that, on the very shore, and over the very rocks, where Tom was sitting with his friend the lobster, there walked, one day, the white girl, little Ellie herself, and with her a very wise man indeed—Professor Pthmlnsprts.

His mother was a Dutchwoman, and therefore he was born at Curaçao (of course you have learnt your geography, and therefore know why); and his father a Pole, and therefore he was brought up at Petropaulowski (of course you have learnt your modern politics, and therefore know why): but, for all that, he was as thorough an Englishman as ever coveted his neighbour's goods. And his name, as I said, was Professor Pthmlnsprts, which is a very ancient and noble Polish name.

He was, as I said, a very great naturalist, and chief professor of Neobionepalæonthydrochthonanthropopitheology in the new university which the king of the Cannibal Islands had founded; and, being a member of the Acclimatisation Society, he had come here to collect all the nasty things which he could find on

the coast of England, to turn them loose round the Cannibal Islands, because they had not nasty things enough there to eat what they left.

But he was a very worthy, kind, good-natured little old gentleman; and very fond of children (for he was not the least a cannibal himself); and very good to all the world as long as it was good to him. Only one fault he had, which cock-robins have likewise, as you may see if you will look out of the nursery window—that, when any one else found a curious worm, he would hop round them, and peck them, and set up his tail, and bristle up his feathers, just as a cock-robin would; and declare that he found the worm first; and that it was his worm: and, if not, that then it was not a worm at all.

He had met Sir John at Scarborough, or Filey, or somewhere or other (if you don't care where, nobody else does), and had made acquaintance with him, and become very fond of his children. Now, Sir John knew nothing about sea-cockyolybirds, and cared less, provided the fishmonger sent him good fish for dinner; and My Lady knew as little: but she thought it proper that the children should know something. For in the stupid old times, you must understand, children were taught to know one thing, and to know it well: but in these enlightened new times they are taught to know a little about everything, and to know it all ill; which is a great deal pleasanter and easier, and therefore quite right.

So Ellie and he were walking on the rocks, and he was showing her about one in ten thousand of all the beautiful and curious things which are to be seen there. But little Ellie was not satisfied with them at all. She liked much better to play with live children, or even with dolls, which she could pretend were alive; and at last she said honestly, "I don't care about all these things, because they can't play with me, or talk to me. If there were little children now in the water, as there used to be, and I could see them, I should like that."

"Children in the water, you strange little duck?" said the professor.

"Yes," said Ellie. "I know there used to be children in the water, and mermaids too, and mermen. I saw them all in a picture at home, of a beautiful lady sailing in a car drawn by dolphins, and babies flying round her, and one sitting in her lap; and the mermaids swimming and playing, and the mermen trumpeting on conch-shells; and it is called 'The Triumph of Galatea;' and there is a burning mountain in the picture behind. It hangs on the great staircase, and I have looked at it ever since I was a baby, and dreamt about it a hundred times; and it is so beautiful, that it must be true."

Ah, you dear little Ellie, fresh out of heaven! when will people understand that one of the deepest and wisest speeches which can come out of a human mouth is that, "It is so beautiful, that it must be true ——!"

Not till they give up believing that Mr. John Locke (good man and true though he was) was the wisest man that ever lived on earth: and recollect that a wiser man than he lived long before him; and that his name was Plato the son of Ariston.

But the professor was not in the least of that opinion. He held very strange theories about a good many things. He had even got up once at the British Association, and declared that apes had hippopotamus majors in their brains, just as men have. Which was a shocking thing to say; for, if it were so, what would become of the faith, hope, and charity of immortal millions? You may think that there are other more important differences between you and an ape, such as being able to speak, and make machines, and know right from wrong, and say your prayers, and other little matters of that kind; but that is a child's fancy, my dear. Nothing is to be depended on but the great hippopotamus test. If you have a hippopotamus major in your brain, you are no ape, though you had four hands, no feet, and were more apish than the apes of all aeries. But, if a hippopotamus major

is ever discovered in one single ape's brain, nothing will save your great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-greatest-grandmother from having been an ape too. No, my dear little man; always remember that the one true, certain, final, and all-important difference between you and an ape is, that you have a hippopotamus major in your brain, and he has none; and that, therefore, to discover one will be a very wrong and dangerous thing, at which every one will be very much shocked, as we may suppose they were at the professor.—Though really, after all, it don't much matter: because—as Lord Dundreary and others would put it—nobody but men have hippopotamuses in their brains; so, if a hippopotamus was discovered in an ape's brain, why it would not be one, you know, but something else.

But the professor had gone, I am sorry to say, even further than that; for he had read at the British Association at Melbourne, Australia, in the year 1999, a paper, in which he assured every one who found himself the better or wiser for the news, that there were not, never had been, and could not be, any rational or half-rational beings except men, anywhere, anywhen, or anyhow; that nymphs, satyrs, fauns, inui, dwarfs, trolls, elves, gnomes, fairies, nixes, kobolds, leprechaunes, cluricaunes, banshees, will-o'-the-wisps, afrits, marids, jinns, ghouls, peris, deevs, angels, archangels, imps, bogies, or worse, were nothing at all, and pure bosh and wind. And he had to get up very early in the morning to prove that, and to eat his breakfast overnight: but he did it, at least to his own satisfaction. Whereon a certain great divine, and a very clever divine was he, called him a regular Sadducee; and probably he was quite right. Whereon the professor, in return, called him a regular Pharisee; and probably he was quite right too. But they did not quarrel in the least; for, when men are men of the world, hard words run off them like water off a duck's back. So the professor and the divine met at dinner that evening, and

sat together on the sofa afterwards for an hour, and talked over the state of female labour on the antarctic continent (for nobody talks shop after his claret), and each vowed that the other was the best company he ever met in his life. What an advantage it is to be men of the world!

From all which you may guess that the professor was not the least of little Ellie's opinion. So he gave her a succinct compendium of his famous paper at the British Association, in a form suited for the youthful mind. But, as we have gone over his arguments against water-babies once already, which is once too often, we will not repeat them here.

Now little Ellie was, I suppose, a stupid little girl; for, instead of being convinced by Professor Pthmlnsprts' arguments, she only asked the same question over again.

"But why are there not water-babies?"

I trust and hope that it was because the professor trod at that moment on the edge of a very sharp mussel, and hurt one of his corns sadly, that he answered quite sharply, forgetting that he was a scientific man, and therefore ought to have known that he couldn't know; and that he was a logician, and therefore ought to have known that he could not prove an universal negative—I say, I trust and hope it was because the mussel hurt his corn, that the professor answered quite sharply—

"Because there ain't."

Which was not even good English, my dear little boy; for, as you must know from Aunt Agitate's Arguments, the professor ought to have said, if he was so angry as to say anything of the kind—Because there are not: or are none: or are none of them; or (if he had been reading Aunt Agitate too), because they do not exist.

And he groped with his net under the weeds so violently, that, as it befel, he caught poor little Tom.

He felt the net very heavy, and lifted it out quickly, with Tom all entangled in the meshes.

"Dear me!" he cried. "What a

large pink holothurian; with hands, too! It must be connected with Synapta."

And he took him out.

"It has actually eyes!" he cried. "Why, it must be a cephalopod! This is most extraordinary!"

"No, I ain't!" cried Tom, as loud as he could; for he did not like to be called bad names.

"It is a water-baby!" cried Ellie; and of course it was.

"Water-fiddlesticks, my dear!" said the professor; and he turned away sharply.

There was no denying it. It was a water-baby: and he had said a moment ago that there were none. What was he to do?

He would have liked, of course, to have taken Tom home in a bucket. He would not have put him in spirits. Of course not. He would have kept him alive, and petted him (for he was a very kind old gentleman), and written a book about him, and given him two long names, of which the first would have said a little about Tom, and the second all about himself; for of course he would have called him Hydroteeoon Pthmlnsprtsianum, or some other long name like that; for they are forced to call everything by long names now, because they have used up all the short ones, ever since they took to making nine species out of one. But—what would all the learned men say to him after his speech at the British Association? And what would Ellie say, after what he had just told her?

There was a wise old heathen once, who said, "Maxima debetur pueris reverentia." The greatest reverence is due to children; that is, that grown people should never say or do anything wrong before children, lest they should set them a bad example.—Cousin Cranchild says it means, "The greatest respectfulness is expected from little boys." But he was raised in a country where little boys are not expected to be respectful, because all of them are as good as the President:—Well, every one knows his own concerns best; so perhaps they are. But poor Cousin Cranchild, to do

him justice, not being of that opinion, and having a moral mission, and being no scholar to speak of, and hard up for an authority—why, it was a very great temptation for him. But some people, and I am afraid the professor was one of them, interpret that in a more strange, curious, one-sided, left-handed, topsy-turvy, inside-out, behind-before fashion, than even Cousin Cram-child ; for they make it mean, that you must show your respect for children, by never confessing yourself in the wrong to them, even if you know that you are so, lest they should lose confidence in their elders.

Now, if the professor had said to Ellie, "Yes, my darling, it is a water-baby, and a very wonderful thing it is ; and shows how little I know of the wonders of nature, in spite of forty years' honest labour. I was just telling you that there could be no such creatures : and, behold ! here is one come to confound my conceit, and show me that Nature can do, and has done, beyond all that man's poor fancy can imagine. So, let us thank the Maker, and Inspirer, and Lord of Nature for all His wonderful and glorious works, and try and find out something about this one."—I think that, if the professor had said that, little Ellie would have believed him more firmly, and respected him more deeply, and loved him better, than ever she had done before. But he was of a different opinion. He hesitated a moment. He longed to keep Tom, and yet he half wished he never had caught him ; and, at last, he quite longed to get rid of him. So he turned away, and poked Tom with his finger, for want of anything better to do ; and said carelessly, "My dear little maid, you must have dreamt of water-babies last night, your head is so full of them."

Now Tom had been in the most horrible and unspeakable fright all the while ; and had kept as quiet as he could, though he was called a Holothurian, and a Cephalopod ; for it was fixed in his little head that, if a man with clothes on caught him, he might put clothes on him too, and make a

dirty black chimney-sweep of him again. But when the professor poked him, it was more than he could bear ; and, between fright and rage, he turned to bay as valiantly as a mouse in a corner, and bit the professor's finger till it bled.

"Oh ! ah ! yah !" cried he ; and, glad of an excuse to be rid of Tom, dropped him on to the sea-weed, and thence he dived into the water, and was gone in a moment.

"But it was a water-baby, and I heard it speak !" cried Ellie. "Ah, it is gone !" And she jumped down off the rock to try and catch Tom before he slipped into the sea.

Too late ! and, what was worse, as she sprang down, she slipped, and fell some six feet, with her head on a sharp rock, and lay quite still.

The professor picked her up, and tried to waken her, and called to her, and cried over her, for he loved her very much ; but she would not waken at all. So he took her up in his arms, and carried her to her governess, and they all went home ; and little Ellie was put to bed, and lay there quite still ; only now and then she woke up, and called out about the water-baby : but no one knew what she meant, and the professor did not tell, for he was ashamed to tell.

And, after a week, one moonlight night, the angels came flying in at the window, and brought her such a pretty pair of wings, that she could not help putting them on ; and she flew with them out of the window, and over the land, and over the sea, and up through the clouds, and nobody heard or saw anything of her for a very long while.

And this is why they say that no one has ever yet seen a water-baby. For my part, I believe that the naturalists get dozens of them when they are out dredging ; but they say nothing about them, and throw them overboard again, for fear of spoiling their theories. But, you see the professor was found out, as every one is in due time. A very terrible old fairy found the professor out ; she felt his bumps, and cast his nativity, and took the lunars of him carefully inside and out ; and so she knew what

he would do as well as if she had seen it in a print-book, as they say in the dear old west country; and he did it; and so he was found out beforehand, as everybody always is; and the old fairy will find out the naturalists some day, and put them in the *Times*; and then on whose side will the laugh be?

So the old fairy took him in hand very severely there and then. But she says she is always most severe with the best people, because there is most chance of curing them, and therefore they are the patients who pay her best; for she has to work on the same salary as the Emperor of China's physicians (it is a pity that all do not), no cure, no pay.

So she took the poor professor in hand: and, because he was not content with things as they are, she filled his head with things as they are not, to try if he would like them better; and, because he did not choose to believe in a water-baby when he saw it, she made him believe in worse things than water-babies—in unicorns, fire-drakes, manticores, basilisks, amphisbœnas, griffins, phoenixes, rocs, orcs, dog-headed men, three-headed dogs, three-bodied geryons, and other pleasant creatures, which folks think never existed yet, and which folks hope never will exist, though they know nothing about the matter, and never will; and these creatures so upset, terrified, flustered, aggravated, confused, astounded, horrified, and totally flabbergasted the poor professor, that the doctors said that he was out of his wits for three months; and, perhaps, they were right, as they are now and then.

And they gave him divers and sundry medicines, as prescribed by the ancients and moderns, from Hippocrates to Feuchtersleben, as below, viz. :—

1. Hellebore, to wit—

Hellebore of Æta.

Hellebore of Galatia.

Hellebore of Sicily.

And all other Hellebores, after the method of the Helleborizing Helleborists of the Helleboric era. But that would not do.

2. Trying to find out what was the

matter with him; after the method of—

Hippocrates.

Aræteus.

Celsus.

Cœlius Aurelianus,

And Galen: but they found that a great deal too much trouble, as most people have since; and so had recourse to—

3. Borage.

Cauteries.

Boring a hole in his head to let out fumes, which (says Gordonius) "will, without doubt, do much good." But it didn't.

Bezoar stone.

Diamargaritum.

A ram's brain boiled in spice.

Oil of wormwood.

Water of Nile.

Capers.

Good wine (but there was none to be got).

The water of a smith's forge.

Hops.

Ambergris.

Mandrake pillows.

Dormouse' fat.

Hares' ears.

Starvation.

Camphor.

Salts and Senna.

Musk.

Opium.

Strait-waistcoats.

Bullyings.

Bumpings.

Blisterings.

Bleedings.

Bucketings with cold water.

Knocking down.

Kneeling on his chest till they broke it in, &c. &c.; after the mediæval or monkish method: but that would not do.

Then—

4. Coaxing.

Kissing.

Champagne and turtle.

Red herrings and soda water.

Good advice.

Gardening.

Croquet.

Musical soirées.

Aunt Sally.

Mild tobacco.

The Saturday Review.

A carriage with outriders, &c. &c. after the modern method. But that would not do.

And, if he had but been a convict lunatic, and had shot at the Queen, killed all his creditors to avoid paying them, or indulged in any other little amiable eccentricity of that kind, they would have given him in addition—

Free run of Windsor Forest.

The healthiest situation in England.

The *Times* every morning.

A double-barrelled gun and pointers, and leave to shoot three Wellington College boys a week (not more) in case black game were scarce.

But, as he was neither made nough nor bad enough to be allowed such luxuries, they grew desperate, and fell into bad ways, viz. :—

5. Suffumigations of sulphur.

Heerwiggius his incomparable drink for madmen: only they could not find out what it was.

Suffumigation of the liver of the fish * * * only they had forgotten its name, and so Dr. Gray could not well procure them a specimen.

Metallic tractors.

Holloway's Ointment.

Electro-biology.

Valentine Greatrakes his Stroking Cure.

Spirit-rapping.

Holloway's Pills.

Table-turning.

Morrison's Pills.

Homœopathy.

Parr's Life Pills.

Mesmerism.

Pure Bosh.

Exorcisms, for which they read Maleus Maleficarum, Nideri Formicarium, Delrio, Wierus, &c., but could not get one that mentioned water-babies.

Hydropathy.

Madame Rachel's Elixir of Youth.

The Poughkeepsie Seer his Prophecies.

The distilled liquor of addle eggs.

Pyropathy, as successfully employed by the old inquisitors to cure the malady of thought, and now by the Persian Mollahs to cure that of rheumatism.

Geopathy, or burying him.

Atmopathy, or steaming him.

Sympathy, after the method of Basil Valentine his Triumph of Antimony, and Kenelm Digby his Weapon-salve, which some call a hair of the dog that bit him.

Hermopathy, or pouring mercury down his throat, to move the animal spirits.

Meteoropathy, or going up to the moon to look for his lost wits, as Ruggiero did for Orlando Furioso's: only, having no hippogriff, they were forced to use a balloon; and, falling into the North Sea, were picked up by a Yarmouth herring-boat, and came home much the wiser, and all over scales.

Antipathy, or using him like "a man and a brother."

Apathy, or doing nothing at all.

With all other ipathies and opathies which Noodle has invented, and Foodle tried, since black-fellows chipped flints at Abbeville—which is a considerable time ago, to judge by the Great Exhibition.

But nothing would do; for he screamed and cried all day for a water-baby, to come and drive away the monsters; and of course they did not try to find one, because they did not believe in them.

So they were forced, at last, to let the poor professor ease his mind by writing a great book, exactly contrary to all his old opinions, in which he proved that the moon was made of green cheese, and that all the mites in it (which you may see sometimes quite plain through a telescope, if you will only keep the lens dirty enough, as Mr. Weekes kept his voltaic battery) are nothing in the world but little babies, who are hatching and swarming up

there in millions, ready for the doctors to bring them in band-boxes at night, when children want a new little brother or sister.

Which must be a mistake, for this one reason: that, there being no atmosphere round the moon (though a certain gentleman, who is no fool, says there is on the other side, and that he has been round at the back of it to see, and found that the moon was just the shape of a Bath bun, and so wet that the man in the moon went about on Midsummer-day in Macintosh and Cording's boots, spearing eels and sneezing); that therefore, I say, there being no atmosphere, there can be no evaporation; and, therefore, the dew-point can never fall below 17·5 above zero of Fahrenheit; and, therefore, it cannot be cold enough there about four o'clock in the morning to condense the babies' mesenteric apophthegms into their left ventricles; and, therefore, they can never catch the whooping-cough; and if

they do not have whooping-cough, they cannot be babies at all; and, therefore, there are no babies in the moon.—
Q. E. D.

Which may seem a roundabout reason; and so, perhaps, it is: but you will have heard worse ones in your time, and from better men than you are.

But one thing is certain; that, when the good old doctor got his book written, he felt considerably relieved all over; and the foul flood-water in his brains ran down, and cleared to a fine coffee colour, such as fish like to rise in; and very fine, clean, fresh-run fish did begin to rise in his brains; and he caught two or three of them (which is exceedingly fine sport, for brain rivers), and anatomized them carefully, and kept what he learnt to himself; and became ever after a sadder and a wiser man; which is a very good thing to become, my dear little boy, even though one has to pay a heavy price for the blessing.

To be continued.

ANAGRAMS AND ALL THEIR KIN.

Is not this a jolly title for a book?—

"Of Anagrams: A Monograph treating of their History from the earliest ages to the present time; with an Introduction, containing numerous specimens of Macaronic Poetry, Punning Mottoes, Rhopalic, Shaped, Equivocal, Lyon, and Echo Verses, Alliteration, Acrostics, Lipograms, Chronograms, Logograms, Palindromes, Bouts Rimés. By H. B. Wheatley. Printed for the Author by Stephen Austin, Hertford; and sold by Williams & Norgate, Henrietta Street; J. R. Smith, Soho Square; T. & W. Boone, New Bond Street; London, 1862."

There! Have you read it? But you should see the little book itself. It is the prettiest little book possible, printed on toned paper; and the above title, instead of the little mass of small type which we have made of it, fronts you in a page of red and black letter-press, shaped exactly like a wine-glass, and tempting you to taste. It is, indeed, precisely the kind of booklet to skim

through as you lie on the sofa after dinner, with the decanters and nuts handy; but with this in its favour besides—that, being really a learned little book in its way, it is worth keeping for reference. For not only is it in itself a brief history of those oddities of literature which its title-page enumerates, with picked samples of each; but it contains a list of works, to the number of about sixty, in which whoever wants to know all that is to be known about Anagrams, Anagrammatists, and the principles of Anagrammatism, will find the materials amassed. You may turn up your nose as you like, my solemn friend, at the thought of having such a subject thrust upon you; but, when Mr. Wheatley tells you that among those who have interested themselves in anagrams, and made them too, have been Plato, Calvin, Rabelais, Camden, and

others to whom you could not hold a candle, the best thing you can do is to turn your nose down again. Or did you ever try to make an anagram yourself? It is so nice; you have no idea! Positively, when Xerxes offered the reward—I forget how much it was—to the man who should invent a new pleasure, if anybody had stepped forward and said, "I have it, O king," and then and there put the king up to the making of anagrams, he would have been sure of the prize. It would have been exactly the amusement for Xerxes.

But, before we speak of anagrams, let us dispose of those other intellectual curiosities which Mr. Wheatley has associated with them, and which, though some of them are akin to the anagram, or even involve it, have yet distinct names.

I. MACARONIC POETRY. Everybody, of course, knows what it is; or, at least, everybody who has ever tasted the Italian dish from which the name is supposed to be derived. But stay! May there not exist some wretched persons who have *not* tasted macaroni? Is it not right that we should remember that all knowledge is relative, and that, though *we* may be safe as regards *macaroni*, it might go hard even with ourselves if a higher standard were proposed, and the gentleman who writes those letters on Dinners in the *Times* were to move for a return of the number of those among us to whom *caviare*, for example, after the lapse of two centuries and a half, is still the mystery that it was in Shakespeare's time? In these circumstances, we may condescend to explain that Macaronic Poetry is poetry in which Latin or Greek words are mixed with vernacular words adjusted more or less to the Latin or Greek syntax. There are tons of such in the various European literatures; and, without troubling Mr. Wheatley, here is an English specimen:—

"Patres Conscripti took a boat and went to
Philippi;
Boatum upsettum est magno cum grandine
venti; "

Omnes drownderunt qui swim away non potuerunt;
Trumpeter unus erat qui coatum scarlet habebat,
Et magnum periwig tied about with the tail of a dead pig."

II. PUNNING MOTTOES. These are mottoes, whether for heraldic or other purposes, involving a play upon words. Mr. Wheatley gives but a few specimens, selected for their likeness to anagrams. Perhaps the best in his list are—"Fight on, quoth Fitton," the motto of the Fitton family; "*Antiqui mores*" ("Ancient customs," or "The ancient Morrices," as you like), the motto of Morrice of Belshanger, Kent; "*Set on*," the motto of the Scottish Setons; "*Ver non semper viret*" ("Spring does not always flourish," or "Vernon flourishes always"), the motto of the Vernons; and "*Fare, fac*" ("Speak, Do"), the motto of the Fairfaxes. "*Potior ut potiar*" ("I suffer that I may possess") is another family-motto that occurs to us, in which the pun lies within the motto itself, and not in the relation of the motto to the name of the family using it; and there is something of a pun, though more of wise epigram, in a motto which we always think of as the very best in the Heralds' Records, and which, if mottoes were transferable, we should certainly borrow—viz. that of the old family of the Keiths, Earls Marischal of Scotland; "*Aiunt; Quid aiunt? Aiant*," or "They say: What say they? Let them say."

III. RHOPALIC VERSES. Goodness gracious! what are they? Not know what Rhopalic Verses are? Why, "every schoolboy knows that," as clever writers say when they bring in some bit of learning they have just got hold of themselves, and will forget in a day or two. Rhopalic Verses are—But before I tell you what Mr. Wheatley tells me they are, let me put you up to two ways of avoiding the disgrace of being detected as ignorant of what you are expected to know. The best way of all, when it can be followed, is to say nothing at all, but look as wise as you can. But that was not Bob Silver's way when he received the note of invitation

with the letters "R. S. V. P." in the corner, and was at his wits' end what they might mean. He went to a friend of his, tossed down the note, and said carelessly, "By the bye, it is very odd how few people know so simple a thing as the meaning of these four letters; I wouldn't be sure, Ned, that even you do." "Come," said his friend, who saw his drift; "that's too bad." "Well but, for the fun of the thing, what *do* they mean?" "Mean? Why, of course, that, if you do not go, the party is to be put off!" "Well, I didn't think you could have guessed it," said Bob, quite satisfied. But there is another way still, which may be sometimes put in practice. A learned lion at an evening party was appealed to by the ladies as to the meaning of a Greek inscription on a medal which had been puzzling all the gentlemen before he came in. "What is it; what is it?" said the ladies, pressing round him. He looked at it deliberately, and, making nothing of it, replied with great gravity: "Ladies, I am sorry; but this is something that it would not be proper for me to translate in *your* presence." Now Rhopalic Verses are quite as innocent things as was the inscription on that medal. Rhopalic Verses (from the Greek word *Rhopalon*, a club or bludgeon) "are so formed," says Mr. Wheatley, "that 'the first word is a monosyllable, the 'second a dissyllable, and so on, each 'succeeding word being longer than 'the one preceding it." He gives six examples; among which are this Greek one:—

"Ἄ μάκαρ Ἀρτεῖδη μοιρηγένης δολβόδαμον."

and this Latin one:—

"Dux turmas propius conjunxerat auxiliares."

He gives no English instance; but, taking this line, humbly offered as a pattern, for want of a better,

"Goose, gather metrical monstrosities,"

any one who chooses may employ himself in searching for the instances of unconscious rhopalism in Shakespeare, Milton, or Wordsworth, arranging them in order, and drawing the important

inferences which they will doubtless suggest.

IV. SHAPED VERSES. These are pieces of verse, ingeniously constructed, by due arrangements of short and long lines, so as to exhibit, when written or printed, the shapes of certain physical objects, such as bottles, eggs, hats, crinolines, coffee-pots, tea-pots, candlesticks, vases, altars, saddles, axes, and birds flying. In prose, of course, where the printer can help by means of large letters and spacing, there is no great difficulty in such shaping—though even here there is room for art; as may be seen in epitaphs and dedications, where sometimes a line of a single word will follow with amazing effect a line extending from margin to margin, or in Mr. Wheatley's own pretty wine-glass on his title-page, which neither you nor I could have blown. But to shape a wine-glass in verse, in real rhyming lines—think of that! Or, still more wonderful, a comb or a pair of scissors in verse; both of which feats Dryden speaks of as performed by masters of the art. I confess I should particularly like to see a comb in verse; but, as it is, for the most accessible specimens of shaped verses, I must refer to George Herbert's hymns, where there is nothing nearly so remarkable in this admirable style of poetry.

V. EQUIVOCAL VERSES. These are verses so arranged as to give totally different meanings, according as they are read in the ordinary way or in another way known to the initiated. For example, read these lines first in measure as they stand and then in alternate pairs:—

"I hold for the sound faith

What England's Church allows;

What Rome's Confession saith

My conscience disavows;

Where the King is head

The flock can take no shame;

The flock is sore misled

That holds the Pope supreme."

What a comfort it must be for oppressed countries to have this mode of expressing their sentiments and eluding the police! In a free country like Britain Equivocal Verses need not be one of the institutions of literature; but let us not

measure the needs of other nations by ours. And, what straightforward metre is to Equivocal Verse, public meetings and open talk are to conspiracies; so let us not be too hard even on conspiracies.

VI. LYON VERSES (so called, it is said, as having first been practised by Sidonius Apollinaris, a Gallic bishop and poet of the fifth century, born at Lyons) are verses the words of which are the same whether read backwards or forwards. Mr. Wheatley's only English specimen is this epitaph from a church in Cornwall:—

"Shall we all die?
We shall die all.
All die shall we;
Die all we shall."

If this is the usual style of Cornish thought, we should say that the Cornish people are not by any means a people that it would be safe to contradict.

VII. LEONINE VERSES. Though Mr. Wheatley does not mention these in his title-page, he treats of them in the text of his work. They are not to be confounded with the Lyon verses. Strictly speaking, Leonine verses are Latin hexameters and pentameters in which rhymes occur. There are many such lines in the classic poets, and particularly in Ovid, notwithstanding our tradition that the Latin poets avoided rhymes as systematically as we seek them. But the device became habitual in the middle ages, when the instinct towards rhyme asserted itself even in the ecclesiastical Latin; and Leoninus, a monk of the twelfth century, is said to have given an impulse to it. Numberless specimens remain; such as—

"En rex Edvardus, debacchans ut Leopardus."
Less properly Leonine verses, but still included under that name, are those Latin rhymed verses, not in the classic hexameter or pentameter at all, of which the "*Stabat Mater*" and others of the hymns of the Roman Catholic Church are fine specimens. But one of the most plaintive examples I know of Leonine verse in this laxer sense is a scrap of not very classical, but very intelligible Latin, attributed to Mary, Queen of Scots, in prison. For any sake, don't read it with

our vile English pronunciation, but as she herself would have read it:—

"O Domine Deus, speravi in te;
O care mi Jesu, nunc libera me;
E durâ catenâ, e miserâ penâ
O libera me:
Languendo, gemendo, genueque flectendo,
Adoro, imploro, ut liberes me."

Mr. Wheatley recognises as Leonine verses those English verses in which one of the beats within the line proper is also a rhyme; but I suspect this is an improper extension of the term. If not, Campbell's well-known line, the first of these two, will suffice as an instance:—

"To the fame of your name
When the storm has ceased to blow."

Is not the sound of the first of these lines like the flapping backwards and forwards of a flag? And this suggests that the question of Leonine Verses is really a part of the great question of Rhyme in general. The philosophy of Rhyme is not yet fully worked out.

VIII. ALLITERATION, which also connects itself with the philosophy of Rhyme, and is, in fact, within due limits, an art or an instinct of high validity and significance, need not detain us here.

"And apt alliteration's artful aid"

is a well-known example on a small scale. But it is not of such natural and incidental bits of alliteration that Mr. Wheatley speaks; but of more stupendous exercises of the art of which there are examples in literature. Among the minor wonders of the world must certainly be reckoned those long poems composed entirely of words beginning with one letter, as A, C, or P; and other poems there are in which the writers have gone in this way through all the letters of the alphabet successively.

IX. LIPOGRAMS. These proceed on a trick almost exactly the opposite of that of protracted alliteration; for the essence of the Lipogram (from the Greek "*Leipo*," "I leave") consists not in favouring one letter above all the rest, but in rejecting some one letter and making it an outcast. The most gigantic lipograms on record are two Greek poems produced in those early centuries

of our era during which the world, or the greater part of it, seems to have been in a state of blue mould for want of work—the one a kind of Iliad in twenty-four books, each excluding absolutely the letter of the alphabet marking its own number; the other an Odyssey composed on the same noble principle. Minor lipograms are plentiful as mites. Disraeli tells a good story of one by a Persian poet. He had shown the poem, which was a short one, to a critic, who did not express himself very enthusiastically about it. "You will allow it to be at least curious," said the author, "for you will observe that the letter A does not once occur in it from beginning to end." To which the reply was, "Well, but don't you think the piece would be greatly improved if you were also to leave out all the other letters?" But is the lipogram or any other great form of activity to be put down by a snarl like that?

X. ACROSTICS, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, are poems the initial letters of whose lines taken in succession form some proper name. Sir John Davies, the English philosophical poet, wrote twenty-six such acrostics in honour of Queen Elizabeth—the initial letters of the lines in each forming the words *Elizabetha Regina*; and similar acrostics may be found scattered through the works of other poets of that age. But there are many developments and varieties of the acrostic; and one minute variety, which Mr. Wheatley specifies, is worth mentioning, as having something vital and electric in it. It is that kind of acrostic which consists in reading the initial letters of the words of one sentence as a single word, or, conversely, in flashing in a single word the initials of a whole unuttered sentence. Thus, Mr. Wheatley tells us, when the Italians, out of the Piedmontese States, did not dare as yet openly to shout for Victor Emanuel and Italian unity, they managed the thing neatly and thrillingly by the street cry of *Viva Verdi*. Why the popular composer had suddenly become so very popular that all Italy should in season and out

of season be shouting his name did not at first appear except to those who knew that *Verdi*, letter for word, stood for *Vittore Emanuele Re D'Italia*. Now this at least was an acrostic with a soul in it.

XI. ECHO VERSES. These are verses constructed so that the last syllable or syllables of each line, being given back as it were by an echo, form a reply to the line itself or a comment upon it. There is no great capability in this device; and, though Mr. Wheatley gives several examples of it, the best is that from a number of the *Sunday Times* in 1831, on the high charge made for tickets to hear Paganini at the Opera House—

"What are they who pay three guineas

To hear a tune of Paganini's?"

Echo. "Pack o' ninnies."

But the best echo I have heard of for a long time is an echo exclusively the property of a certain newspaper writer, in one of whose articles it is introduced as follows:—"Shall we resist this intolerable oppression? Shall we pledge ourselves to do so? Echo answers in "the affirmative."

XII. CHRONOGRAMS are hardly worth mentioning. They are merely inscriptions, of any length, in which, by putting a few letters in different characters from the rest, these are made to signify a date. Thus, on a medal of Gustavus Adolphus, the capital letters of the following inscription, "ChrIstVs DuX; ergo trIVM-phVs," make together MDCXVVII; which is a clumsy indication of the date 1627. Neater is the chronogram on Queen Elizabeth's death, "My Day Closed Is In Immortality;" the initials of which make MDCIII, or 1603, the date of the Queen's death.

XIII. BOUTS RIMÉS, or "Rhymed Ends." This ingenuity, in its simplest form, is well known as the parlour amusement of making verses to certain prescribed rhymes. But the world does not know, and perhaps never will know, how much of the total Art of Poetry, as practised even by good poets, consists of this very process, performed with incessant subtlety and under deep disguises. In the case of a true poet, indeed, we are rather to

fancy that the initiative is from within—that his thought, being already in rhythmic movement from its own impulse, *arrives* at the rhymes; and not that the rhymes, being fixed beforehand, *pull* his thoughts towards them. But, while we are bound to believe this, do we not also know it as a fact, that frequently even the best poets, when their thoughts are in flow, have to seek for their rhymes—that sometimes a thought, having arrived at or about its sonorous harbour from the sea, can't get in at first, but has to bob about outside, till the little pilot-tug of some rhyme comes out with the steam up and the flag flying, and takes it in tow to its moorings; nay, that sometimes, after one or two pilot-tugs have come out, a bargain can't be made, or the bar is dangerous for the tonnage, and the vessel makes for another port? Are there not such things as Rhyming Dictionaries; and have we not the confessions of good poets—Byron, for example—that they have used these helps, and that, in their absence, they have been glad to revert to a kind of mental substitute, chasing out a suitable rhyme to the word *pine*, for example, by running through the alphabet thus:—*aine, bine, cine, dine, fine*, &c.? But, on the other hand, is not at least a mixture of the opposite practice—that of conforming the reason to the rhyme, or allowing the rhymes to bring the thought into motion from the first—confessed to by poets? We call this more mechanical than the other plan; but, if there be a law of *d priori* connexion or identity between certain fundamental ideas and certain vocal roots or articulations—if, for example, the sound *str* always carries with it the idea of stretching, or of something which is a metaphor of stretching, and if language is organic through and through with such identities—then, does it matter so very much at which end the initiative acts? It is not, however, to such organic or *d priori* identities between certain recurring sounds in human speech and certain ideas as frequently recurring in the human mind, but rather to those more hackneyed associations be-

tween ideas and rhymes which the mere past practice of poets has established, that Leigh Hunt alludes in some remarks which Mr. Wheatley quotes from him *apropos* of *bouts rimés*. It is curious, Mr. Hunt observes, what a number of words there are so invested already with connected clusters of associations that the mere succession of them, arranged in rhyming pairs, or as the ends of rhyming stanzas not yet in existence, tells the story almost as well as if the blank couplets or stanzas were filled up. For example, repeat these words slowly, with a pause after each, and a longer pause after each four—*dawn, plains, lawn, swains; each, spoke, beech, yoke; fair, mine, hair, divine*—and have you not a pastoral love-scene before you quite as touchingly as if, instead of these ends, you had the three elegiac stanzas which they suggest? What a saving of time there would be if poets were to act on this hint, and give us only these ends of their verses, omitting the unnecessary filling up! Mr. Wheatley tells of one French poet, Dulot, who let the cat out of the bag in a manner to suggest this irreverent thought to the Parisian world. He was complaining one day of the loss of more than 300 sonnets by a fire or some other accident; when, on some one expressing his surprise at his having so many sonnets in his *répertoire*, he explained that they were not exactly the completed sonnets, but only their pre-arranged ends, drawn out in groups of fourteen. All Paris was in a roar next day over Dulot's lost sonnets; and for months *bouts rimés*, as the new invention was called, was the favourite amusement of the *salons*. But what will the reader think of Mr. Wheatley's story—for which he gives his authority—that Campbell's poem of "Lochiel" (by the bye, Campbell, being a true Celt, pronounced "Lochiel" as a trisyllable, and was dreadfully grieved at the universal perversity which would make a dissyllable of it) was composed from *bouts rimés*? We gather, however, that in addition to the *bouts rimés*, or even before them, the poet had a kind of grand inarticulate hum about Lochiel

in his head, which he expressed provisionally in a kind of *wow-wow* till the precise words should come. The following may suggest the process, *bouts rimés* included:—

"Lochiel, Lochiel, awów-ow-a dáy,
Wow-ów-ow-ow-ów-ow-ów-ów-ów array."

Ah, reader! *there* is the difference between the poetry of a true poet and that of an ordinary prose-dog like you or me! We remain always in the state of *Wow-ow-ow-ow*—no amount of effort bringing out the meaning of that dumb dog-like mass of feeling into clear and exquisite articulation. We have the vowels, which belong even to the brute animals; the consonants, which are the truly human things in speech, we cannot compass. Never mind! The *Wow-ow-ow-ow* is, not the less, that which tones all and on which all rests; it is the fund of infinite, simple feeling, already metrical, of which all translation into words is but a finite though complex expression. Nay, perhaps there is too little of Campbell's or of Nature's inarticulate hum, preceding all words, in our present poetry. Much of it may be defined as fine intellectual shuttling with no song in or to the loom—as all consonants and no vowels. But what have we to do with what our present poetry is or is not? Are we anxious to be murdered by the *genus irritabile*? Not we; and so, to get out of the scrape, and to end this little essay on *bouts rimés*, let us just note the additional zest that may be given to that amusement by selecting queer or difficult rhymes. For example, can you make a perfect rhyme to the word *Timbuctoo*—not to the last syllable only, but to all the three? If you tried, you would have to give it up; but some ingenious person lately has solved the problem in a rhyme which has been going about in the London clubs—

"I would I were a cassowary
On the plains of Timbuctoo;
Then I would eat a missionary,
Head, legs, and arms, and hymn-book too."

In the *Athenæum*, lately, a writer has been calling attention to certain simple English words, to which no rhymes are

known to exist. The words *orange*, *month*, and *step* are the examples chiefly insisted on. The writer himself did, by means of information elicited by his challenge, manage to dispose of the first two in a manner which, though acknowledged by himself to be evasive or illegitimate, is still very creditable. Finding that there is a hill or a set of hills in Wales called *the Bloreng*, and that the holy books of the Afghans go by the name of *Grunth*, he proposed this—

"From the Indus to the Bloreng
Came the Rajah in a month,
Sucking now and then an orange,
Conning all the way his Grunth."

The same writer, however, rejects all the rhymes that have been yet offered him for the word *step*. Will this suit him!—

Who comes with that uneven step?
Who but the drunken demirep?

XIV. PALINDROMES (from the Greek *palin*, "back," and *dromos*, "a course or race") are words or sentences, which may be read backwards as well as forwards, letter by letter, or sound by sound,—not merely word by word as *Lyon Verses*. Such English words as *Anna*, *Hannah*, *noon*, *civic*, *tenet*, are palindromes; but the feat is to arrange a number of such words in a sentence so that the whole shall be a palindrome. Here is a pretty Latin one cited by Mr. Wheatley—"Ablata at alba" ("Out of sight, but still white"), which may be applied to the moon behind a cloud, and which was applied metaphorically to a lady of Elizabeth's time banished from court under false imputations on her character. But the very first words spoken by man in this world, it seems, were a palindrome. What did Adam say when he first saw Eve? He bowed and said, "*Madam, I'm Adam.*"

It remains now that we speak of the Anagram proper. The Logogram, which is the only other of the oddities of Mr. Wheatley's title-page left unnoticed, is, in fact, only a particular development of the Anagram. Taking breath here, therefore, let us assail, with due deliberation, this last stronghold of man's reason on this side of Limbo.

Indeed, though the front gate of the Anagram is towards the rational world, there is an extensive view of Limbo itself from all the back windows; and many a man, who has entered at the front gate sane and sober enough, has gone out at one of those back windows and never been heard of after.

The ANAGRAM, then, may be defined, broadly and generally, as *any* rearrangement of all the component letters of one or more given words. To indicate all that this definition involves, however, some explanation is necessary.

By a very simple rule of calculation, given in our common books of Arithmetic, it is known that the number of possible arrangements of any given series of objects—*i. e.* the number of different ways in which these objects may be arranged among themselves so as never twice to be in exactly the same order—increases enormously as the number of the objects increases. Thus, while one object (A) has of course only *one* arrangement (A), and while two objects (A and B) admit of only *two* arrangements (AB or BA), three objects (A, B, and C) admit of *six* arrangements (ABC, ACB, BAC, BCA, CAB, CBA); and, when the number of objects exceeds three, the numbers of their possible arrangements are as follows—

No. of objects.	Possible variations of order.
4	24
5	120
6	720
7	5,040
8	40,320
9	362,880
10	3,628,800
11	39,916,800
12	479,001,600

And so on, with enormous increase at every step.

That is to say, reader, that, suppose twelve persons were to agree to dine together every day, but never exactly in the same order round the table, they would have to eat over 479 millions of dinners before they could get through all the possible arrangements in which they could place themselves with respect to each other, and, at the rate of one dinner a-day, it would take them more than thirteen millions of years to get

through all the stipulated dinners. So don't you be led into a wager on any such terms. If you make a wager of the kind about five persons, your cook has her work cut out for her for about four months; if for six persons, for about two years; but, if the party much exceeds six, there is a chance that the world will be in another geological epoch, and you yourself will be a fossil before you are off your bargain.

To apply this to words: The letters of a word of two letters may be arranged in two different ways; of a word of three distinct letters, in six different ways; of a word of four letters, in twenty-four different ways; of five, in 120 different ways; of six, in 720 different ways; of seven, in 5,040 different ways; and so on till you reach a word of twelve distinct letters, the letters of which may be arranged in more than 479 millions of different ways. Now, every possible arrangement of the letters of any word is, according to our present broad definition, an anagram of that word; so that the number of possible anagrams of any word increases immensely according to the number of distinct letters in the word. Such a word as *John* yields exactly twenty-three anagrams; such a word as *Smith* yields exactly 119 anagrams; if you add *Junior*, then the possible anagrams of that word alone are 719; and, if you take into account the circumstance of his being a *pawn-broker*, then out of that word alone (if you count the two *r*'s as separate letters) anagrams to the number of 3,628,799 are showered upon you. You can't, of course, ask me to verify these figures by giving you a list of the anagrams; so you must take my word for it.

But "Nature mercifully imposes limits," as the baker said when he undertook to count the snow-flakes within a given area, but, the area being immediately above his oven, the heat had melted the remaining flakes just as he was getting tired, and relieved him of his engagement. Even the logicians are in the position of this fortunate baker. By their calculation according to mode and figure (we speak of the old Logic,

before Sir William Hamilton, or Professor De Morgan, or both, had quantified the predicate, and so revolutionized the scholastic Logic), the number of possible syllogisms or valid shapes of reasoning was exactly sixty-four; but, when they actually came to go over these sixty-four one by one, they found, to their comfort, that forty-five of them turned out to be utterly unthinkable—deliquesced and became untangible like the baker's snow-flakes—and that only nineteen remained about which they need concern themselves. And so with anagrams. Not only are the possible anagrams of most of our words considerably reduced in numbers by the fact that individual letters frequently occur twice or thrice in the same word; but there are other limits which make themselves felt at once in practice. We cannot, indeed, in the case of a word of more than four or five letters, actually go through all its anagrams one by one, so as to see what each is worth; but a very little experience, or a very little thought, shows us that only a small percentage of the possible anagrams of any word are themselves intelligible or even pronounceable. Take *John*, for example. You might make something of *Jhon*, or even of *Jnoh*; but, when you come to *Ojhn*, *Ohjn*, *Onjh*, &c., nature relieves you by melting the letter-flakes. And out of this whole consideration springs a very obvious classification of anagrams.

1. *Meaningless Anagrams.* The vast majority of the possible anagrams of any given word are totally meaningless—that is, they do not form any other existing words in the same or in any other known language; but are sheerly new and arbitrary combinations of letters. Take, for example, the fore-mentioned anagrams of *John*. Or take another example, where, on account of the shortness of the word, all the anagrams can be tested. The word *Art* gives the following five anagrams—*Atr*, *Rat*, *Rta*, *Tar*, and *Tra*; of which only two, viz. *Rat* and *Tar*, are already existing English words, and the other three are meaningless. Yet, in this word, on account of its shortness and form, the

proportion of meaningless anagrams is much less than usual. It may be observed, too, that at least one of the meaningless anagrams is quite pronounceable—to wit *Tra*. If this hint is duly expanded, it will be seen that what we have called Meaningless Anagrams are subdivisible into two kinds—(1) Meaningless Unpronounceable Anagrams, and (2) Anagrams which, though meaningless, are yet pronounceable, and therefore capable, if once set a-going, of becoming established words. And in the history of Anagrams there are instances of both these kinds.

(1.) A very common mode of concealing one's name in writing, and yet using a signature, is simply to sign by any rearrangement of the letters composing one's name. The most common perhaps of all is simply to put the letters in the reverse order; and it very rarely, indeed, will happen that the combination so arising will be anything pronounceable. Thus, if John Smith signs himself *Htims Nhoj*, no organs of speech, unless they be those of an Ojibbeway under chloroform, will grapple with the vocal monster; and though, of course, he will be detected, it will not be on this ground. His chances of concealment will be greater if, instead of adopting the mere reverse arrangement of the letters, he takes any other of the possible arrangements—especially if he mixes the *John* and the *Smith* together as one word. Now, not a few of the anagrams that have actually been made use of as pseudonyms have been of this kind—mere unpronounceable rearrangements of the letters of some name. Almost, but not quite, a sample is the title under which M. de Montalembert's pamphlet, "Un Débat sur l'Inde," was republished so as to elude the police in Paris. It reappeared as "*Edni L Rus Tabed nu par Ed. Trebmelatnom*;" and the police were never the wiser. Some of the anagrams in which the early scientific men of Europe announced, or rather concealed, their theories and discoveries, were, I believe, directly or indirectly of the same sort.

(2.) But Man tends to the orb of

the pronounceable even when he still avoids the smaller inner orb of the intelligible; and hence all men of sense that have made anagrams of their own names for any permanent purpose have at least adopted anagrams which their fellow-mortals, by more or less effort, could sound. Thus François Rabelais became *Alcofribas Nasier*, Robertus Fludd became *Rudolfus Otreb*, Henry Peacham became *Ryhen Pameach*, Agostino Coltelini became *Ostilio Contalgeni*, and (by a very imperfect anagram) Horatio Walpole, in his "Castle of Otranto," became *Onuphrio Muralto*. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and especially in Italy, such anagrams, perfect or approximate, were quite in fashion with persons of celebrity; and some had more than one. Nor did the custom cease then. It is remarkable, however, how few of these anagrams have been really successful hits. Most of them, as may be seen from the instances above, have been, though pronounceable, very uncouth. Two instances of really successful anagrams of this kind may be given by way of counterpoise. The now famous name of Voltaire, as Mr. Carlyle explains in his "Frederick," was not the family name of the great Frenchman, nor any name coming to him by any mode of inheritance from heaven or earth, but was simply an anagram of his right name *Arouet*, with the two letters *l. j.* (*le jeune*, or "the younger") added—an anagram concocted by himself in a freak or deliberately, and so familiarized by his use of it, that he was known thereafter universally as Voltaire, and will be so for ever. And what is *Barry Cornwall*, poet, but an imperfect anagram of the name of our real living contemporary, Bryan Waller Procter? Such changes as that of *u* into *v*, and that of *j* into *i*, or the converse, are legitimate according to the rules of anagram; but it sometimes happens, as in Mr. Procter's instance, that the licence is required of slight additional change or omission. Hence few anagrams of the kind, or indeed of any kind, are absolutely perfect.

2. *Significant Anagrams.* These are the true, genuine Anagrams, the Anagrams of the real blood-royal; all the others are but Anagrams by sufferance or courtesy. They are the Anagrams in which, by a rearrangement of the letters of a word or of several words, there is produced, not a mere bit of unutterable gibberish, nor yet merely a pronounceable something or other, but an actual known word or set of words different from the original and conveying some sense—nay (and this is the top of the achievement, and what startles gods and men), conveying a sense which reacts upon the original as a comment, a sarcasm, a definition, a revelation. These are the Anagrams in which the Hebrews thought there was something divine; these are the Anagrams which pleased the silver-minded Plato. The notion was that, as there are correspondences between everything and everything else, so there is correspondence of the deepest and most intricate mystery between things and their names; and that by the study of names, by the intense consideration and the turning inside out of the *M*'s and the *N*'s of which they are composed, these correspondences may be evolved and Nature made to flash forth her secrets. And the notion came down into modern times, so that there have been ages when Anagrammatism was all but a sacred art, and men sought in each other's names, and in the names of things of high public import, those prophetic indications of character, of duty, or of destiny, which might possibly lurk in them. This was the proper spirit of Anagrammatism; but what is safe from the encroachments of profane wit and our wretched spirit of modern scepticism? Men from whom better things might have been expected did not hesitate, even at that era of the European Reformation when the truer and purer uses of Anagrammatism ought to have been religiously guarded, to turn it to rude controversial account, and to seek anagrams of each other's names merely for the purposes of satire and Billingsgate.

I am sorry to think that two such distinguished men as Calvin and Rabelais should have been culprits in this respect. Such, however, is the fact. Calvin, angry at the notorious Lucianism of Rabelais, whose talents he had hoped might have been better used, and anxious to cut the connexion with him, anagrammatized his name "Rabelæsius" into *Rabie Læsus* (Bitten-mad). It was rather rash in Calvin; for, of all things on earth, to think of fighting a Rabelais with his own weapons, or, for that matter, with any weapons, is the most hopeless. And so it proved. All Europe lay still and breathless, waiting the sure response. It was the calm before a thunderstorm. It came at last. "So I am '*Rabie læsus*,' Mr. John; and pray what are you? 'Calvin;' let me see; '*Jan Cul*;' yes, that's about it!" And over Europe rushed the jest, as it had been a scavenger in the sky; and Calvin, we fancy, did not come out for a week.

Like all good things, a good anagram is a rare and difficult production. The conduct of an anagrammatist in search of his anagram is perhaps the sublimest illustration of the action of genius in general. It is literally, as we have seen—if the word or words exceed a very few letters—mind on the one hand against chaotic infinity on the other. But here, as in other arts, practice and rule effect wondrous simplifications. The anagrammatist need not really per-navigate the whole sea of transpositions into which the words he works on will resolve themselves. By instinct, or by a trial or two, he perceives vast directions in which all is gibberish—mere kelp-beds and stagnation of unmouthable combinations of consonants; and so, very soon, he hovers gull-like over the few clear tracts where there is the best chance of a fish. But O the agony of effort after effort still in vain! He gets to a word or two; he sees the longed-for possibility; but, no; some six or seven letters still stand out obstinate, and will not fall into rank and file. Most often he has to stop at this stage, wearied and disappointed; but, sometimes, there is a flash of light, and the

reluctant letters seem subdued. No! there is still one irreducible letter—a brute of a *V* or a *B* which neither knocks can force nor persuasion can wheedle; and, nine times out of ten, even when this stage has been reached (and that is perhaps but once in twenty attempts), either all has to be begun afresh on a new tack, or some despicable shift, not allowed by the true rules of anagram, has to be resorted to, so that the anagram produced is but a paltry imposture. Once and again at long intervals perhaps there is the perfect feat—the inspired anagram done in one wild moment of ecstasy, or the elaborate anagram nobly consummated by persevering skill. Then let the neighbourhood look out for the sight of an Archimedes in the streets.

What has been said will sufficiently explain why it is that, though the world has lasted six thousand years (we adhere to this time-honoured phrase advisedly, because it is the bounden duty of every literary man to assert the entire independence of Literature upon Science), so few supremely good anagrams have been rolled down to us. Allowing for undiscovered gold-grains that may lie imbedded in those obsolete masses of Anagrammatic Literature to which Mr. Wheatley refers, and especially in the Latin collections of the learned age of modern Europe, one may assert that all the really superb anagrams now extant might be contained in a pill-box. I wish I could present this pill-box to the reader, so that, in this department, he might be sure of having the whole pith of the world's produce up to the present moment. As it is, all I can do is to give a few of Mr. Wheatley's samples, and add a few more from other sources. Nor do I restrict myself to such as I can certify to be good; for, as my purpose is to illustrate the *principles* of Anagrammatism, it may be useful to exhibit all kinds of specimens, from the coarse anagram in the rough to the perfect sparkler.

One kind of Anagram noticed by Mr. Wheatley, which is really scarcely a true anagram, though good in its way, is that

which arises not from the rearrangement or transposition of letters, but only from their redivision or resyllabification. Thus, when Alexander the Great was about to raise the siege of Tyre in despair of taking the town, he had a dream of a Satyr leaping round him; which dream his sages, on being consulted on the subject, converted into a prophetic anagram. "*Satyros* (A Satyr)," said they; "yes, *Sa Tyros* (Tyre is thine)." This put heart into the king, and Tyre was taken. Not unlike this Greek anagram is a German one. "At the general peace of 1814," says Mr. Wheatley, "a portion of Saxony fell to the share of Prussia; and the king, to celebrate this addition to his dominions, issued a new coinage of rix-dollars, with the name '*Reichsthaler*' impressed upon them. These circulate in the Prussian part of Saxony; and the Saxons, by dividing the word, make the sentence, '*Ein Reich stahl er* (He stole a kingdom).'" Patriot, resolved into "*Pat-riot*," is a poorer instance.

A considerable number of anagrams are of general words or phrases of important or interesting meaning. Thus, to throw a few from Mr. Wheatley's list into small type:—

REVOLUTION : *Love to ruin.*
 RADICAL REFORM : *Rare mad frolic.*
 SPANISH MARRIAGES : *Rash games in Paris.*
 POTENTATES : *Ten Tea-Pots.* An anagram of unfathomable significance!
 ALTERATIONS : *Neat tailors.*
 ASTRONOMERS : *Moon-starrers.*
 CATALOGUES : *Got as a clue.*
 ELEGANT : *Neat leg.*
 IMPATIENT : *Tim in a pet.*
 LAWYERS : *Sly ware.*
 MATRIMONY : *Into my arm.* (This was made by a one-armed man, and illustrates the necessity, in studying an anagram, of being intimately acquainted with the life and circumstances of the anagrammatist.)
 OLD ENGLAND : *Golden land.*
 PARISHIONERS : *I hire parsons.*
 PRESBYTERIAN : *Best in prayer.*
 PUNISHMENT : *Nine thumps.*
 SOLEMNITY : *Yes, Milton.*
 LA SAINTE ALLIANCE : *La Sainte Canaille.*
 LA RÉVOLUTION FRANÇAISE : *Veto* (suppose these letters taken out, and then) *Un Corse la snira.*

Of the same kind are these—CON-

SERVATIVE : *Native Covers*; LIBERAL : *Bill-era*; CRINOLINE : *Inner Coil.* So also, a cynical person, living when the celebrated Mr. Pye was poet-laureate to George III., might very well have called POETRY *Pye-rot*; but, if the cynic were alive now, any friend, wanting to refer him to a different specimen of the article, might answer *Try Poe.*

The two French examples in the above list are on the edge of a class of anagrams which is by far the most numerous and most interesting—Anagrams on Proper Names; chiefly, but not exclusively, on names of persons. This is the favourite hunting-ground of the anagrammatist; here it is that he wins his triumphs. Let us give another selection from Mr. Wheatley's specimens, with such annotations as we think necessary:—

MARIA STEUARDA, SCOTORUM REGINA : *Trusa vi regnis morte amara cado* (Thrust by force from my kingdoms, I fall by a bitter death).

JAMES STUART : *A just master.* This was made by the poet Sylvester, on James I.

CHARLES STUART : *Cals true harts.* Made by Taylor, the Water Poet, on Charles I. It illustrates the necessity of being acquainted with the orthography, or the orthographic licence, of the period to which an anagram belongs. But Taylor was a clumsy anagrammatist at best.

SIR FRANCIS BACON, LORD KEEPER : *Is born and elect for a rich speaker.* So Mr. Wheatley gives it, as the anagram by a contemporary of the great man; but, on testing it, we can make out only, *Is born and elec for a ric spk*—the original being four letters too short. This shows the necessity of verifying reputed anagrams. It is a sad thought that many may be passing unchallenged which are but impostures. In this case, however, deep and sustained investigation has enabled me to mend the anagram. It must have been given forth thus:—SIR FRANCIS BACON, THE LORD KEEPER : *Is born and elect for rich speaker.*

WILLIAM NOY : *I moyl in law.* This anagram, on the laborious Attorney-General of Charles the First, made a great sensation at the time.

PHINEAS FLETCHER : *Hath Spencer life?* A very good anagram; for, in the age after Spencer's death, Phineas Fletcher had more of his manner and spirit than almost any other poet.

GEORGIUS MONKE, DUX DE AUMARLE : *Ego Regem reduxi, anno Sa. MDCLVV.* (I restored the king in the year 1660.) In this the liberty is required of taking K for C.

JOHN BUSYAN : *Nu hony in a B.* Very

execrable, we should have said ; but, as it was made by Bunyan himself, we are reverently dumb.

HORATIO NELSON : *Honor est a Nilo* (Honour is from the Nile). This celebrated anagram, put in circulation when the news of the victory of the Nile arrived in England, was the work of a clergyman—the Rev. William Holden, Rector of Chatteris. It suggests the important question how far it is lawful, in quest of an anagram, to burst the bounds of the language of the original. I have my doubts ; but it is evident that a vast extension would be given to the powers of the anagrammatist if he had the run of all or of several of the Indo-European languages.

ARTHUR WELLESLEY : *Truly he'll see war*. To this, from Mr. Wheatley, let us add these obvious transpositions—*Rules the war-yell* (which comes as a consolation after the first), and *Rule, earthy swell* (which might express the opinion of those detractors who, while the Duke was alive, accused him of being hard and worldly). But best is the following : ARTHUR WELLESLEY, DUKE OF WELLINGTON : *Let well-foiled Gaul secure thy renown*.

SIR ROBERT PEEL : *Terrible poser*.

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT : *Frantic Disturbers*.

PRINCE REGENT : *G. R. in pretence*.

IRELAND : *Daniel R.*

JOHN ABERNETHY : *Johnny the Bear*.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE : *Flit on, cheering angel*.

GEORGE THOMPSON : *O go, the Negro's M.P.*

NOTES AND QUERIES : *Enquiries on Dates*.

Here are a few more, which were found by a friend of ours neatly tied up in a paper parcel in one of the niches of London Bridge. Outside the parcel was this inscription, "Finder, use these well : they are all I have to leave to the world." Let them be received, therefore, solemnly rather than critically, with a tear for the unfortunate author :—

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE : *I make ; eras will shape ; or, Rake ; I will shame apes*—the former expressing Shakespeare's confidence in his creative genius, and the perpetual pliability of his creations to the wants of future times ; the latter being an address of disgust to his biographers, commentators, and imitators.

JAMES WATT : *A steam wit*.

ALFRED TENNYSON : *Ferny land-notes*.

CHARLES DICKENS : *Cheer sick lands*.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY : *Peace ! a-m ! ay, I will make a racket*. Dimly intelligible !

JOANNES MILTON : *O, Annon limites ?* (O, are there not limits ?) The question is evidently addressed to him in his capacity as a Latin writer and thorough-going politician ; and, if you want the answer, you must take it out of his other designation—JOHN MILTON, POET : *No, limit not hope !*

JOHN DRYDEN : *Rhino deny'd*—which was glorious John's life-long complaint ; in his own spelling, too.

ALEXANDER POPE : *Pope Alexander, or A Pole Expander* ; either significant to all except dull minds.

CHARLES THE FIRST : *His charters left ; or, better, Let charters fish*. For the full relish of this last the reader must know the story, recently recovered from the State papers, how the king, walking one day by the Thames, and having a copy of the English Constitution presented to him by a deputation from Parliament, threw the document into the river with the above observation, and sent the deputation to the Tower.

OLIVER CROMWELL : *More clover, Will*—an anagram beautifully representing Oliver's life when he was a quiet farmer, and had a servant-lad named William ; or *Welcomer v-l viol*—which expresses the opinion of Oliver's adherents that he was a better first-fiddle than the martyr monarch. Observe how significant is the blank in the word "royal." Oliver was not nominally king, though really such.

ROBERT BURNS : *Burst reborn ; for poetry burst forth afresh in Burns, as if reborn after the long death of the eighteenth century*.

JAMES MACPHERSON : *Me cramp Ossian ! he !*—expressing how James laughed to scorn the charge brought against him ; or, *M.F., reach me Ossian*—which was a standing joke against Macpherson in the library of the House of Commons when he became a member.

THOMAS CHALMERS : *Chatham morsels, or Calm mass, he Thor, or Home charms last ; all very exact and descriptive*.

THOMAS CARLYLE. This name is rich in anagrams—thus : *Cry shame to all, or Amos, thy recall, or Mercy, lash a lot, or A lot cry "Lash me."*

JOHN STUART MILL : *Just mart on hill* (i.e. not only fair exchange, but with all circumstances of publicity) ; or *O thrill, just man, or O man, just thrill*—expressing two opinions of the character of Mr. Mill's philosophy.

JOHN RUEKIN : *No ink-rush I !*

HENRY HALLAM : *Real manly H. H.*

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY : *Mouths big ; a Cantab anomaly ; or, O, a big mouth ; a manly Cantab's !*

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH : *Wit or will mows hard*.

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE : *O, real cut idle gems*.

JEREMY BENTHAM : The body of Jeremy Bentham never was buried. By his own directions it was kept above ground—a wax facsimile of his face and head being fitted on to his skeleton, and his own silver hair and the hat and clothes he usually wore being placed on the figure, so as to make an exact representation of him sitting in his chair as when alive. Perhaps his notion was that his school would last, and that he should be wheeled in to preside at their annual meetings in that ghastly form. At all events, the figure was

long kept by the late Dr. Southwood Smith, and is now in one of the London museums. No one can look at it without disgust at such an exhibition—the too literal fulfilment of the senile whim of a really great and worthy man. His very name contains the punishment of the whim, *Jeer my bent ham*.

JOSEPH BUTLER (of the "Analogy"): *Be true Philos.*

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON: The anagram of the name of this great metaphysician takes the form of a bit of dramatic dialogue—

L. L. L.: "I am I; am I not?"

H.: "W. (Double you), Sir!"

So profound an anagram as this may require a little explanation. *L. L. L.* is the "Learned Logic Lecturer," Sir William himself; he is interrogating *H.*, one of his hearers, and, to try his powers of thinking, asks him in a personal form a question of great metaphysical moment. The Hearer is evidently puzzled and cannot grasp the notion of Sir William being I and then I again, or two Sir Williams at once.

VISCOUNT PALMERSTON: *Sit upon realms, Count.* This is general, for the Viscount's whole career; but *No palm-tunes, Victor*, is particular, and expresses the tenor of his views on Italian politics at present.

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL: *Loll in camp, scribe*; expressing the fact that newspaper correspondents might take it easy when Sir Colin was in command.

EDMUND BURKE: *Drunk mud-bee.*

EDWARD GIBBON: *Od! big brow Ned*—a complimentary exclamation by an enthusiastic Scotch admirer; or *Brain, wedd boy*, expressing admirably, but in an ill-spelt manner, the nature of Gibbon's great achievement as a historian—the reduction of the disorderly quagmire of the middle ages into firm land and verdure by the application of brain to it.

JAMES BOSWELL. Among all Boswell's stories of Johnson none is better than that of the bow Johnson made to the Archbishop. Never was such a bow in the world. It was a combination into one tremendous, indescribable

gesture, of every style and mode of ceremonious flexure possible to the human body, short of actual prostration; and Boswell records it with infinite gusto, and as it were stands by that you may enjoy the full view of it. Of course he does; his name destined him to do it: *See, Sam, I'll bow.*

ADAM SMITH: *Admit hams*—i.e. apply the principle of free trade first to one particular article, and mark the results.

RICHARD CUDDEN: *Rich corn, bedad!*

FRANCIS BACON: *Bo! Franciscan*; showing Bacon's contempt for the monkish or scholastic philosophy.

ISAAC NEWTON: *A twin case! No.*

EDWARD ROSS (the first champion shot of England): *Sod-Rewards*—alluding to the mounds of turf or sod on which the competitors knelt when firing at Wimbledon.

THE TIMES: *Its theme!*—i.e. the whole planet and all that takes place upon it; *Meet this*—a reference chiefly to the advertisements in the second column; and, finally, *E. E. T. Smith*. This last anagram we could not interpret for some time; but we think we have it now. It seems to mean that *The Times* represents Smith, or general English opinion, and yet not Smith absolutely and altogether, but rather Smith when he is well backed by capital.

From these specimens it will be perceived that there is yet plenty of room in the world for good anagrams. Individual effort may do much. But what wealth of results might be expected if the whole nation were to take the matter in hand, and were, by arrangements well preconcerted, to devote one complete day of twelve hours—say the 1st of April next, from nine in the morning till nine in the evening—to simultaneous anagram-making! One such day of united effort would certainly hoist us a mile or two nearer the moon.

THE LONDON MUSICAL SEASON OF 1862.¹

BY WILLIAM POLE, F.R.S. MUS. BAC. OXON.

THE musical season of the International Exhibition year has presented some prominent and striking features, but on

the whole has been less remunerative to concert-givers than was anticipated. It was supposed that, from the immense influx of strangers into the metropolis, greatly increased audiences might be expected for evening entertainments of all kinds; but this anticipation has not been realized, probably from the fact that,

¹ We refer to a former article (October, 1861) for the reasons why we confine our remarks here to the public concerts of first-class music, omitting reference to the operas and the benefit concerts of private individuals.

after the laborious occupations of incessant sight-seeing during the day, the visitors have been too fatigued to care about attending hot rooms in the evening. Good music, too, now-a-days, is no longer confined to the metropolis, and is therefore no rarity to our country friends; while to foreigners we have little to offer comparable to what they may hear in their own lands, for a small fraction of the price they must pay here.

The Philharmonic Society have this year completed the fiftieth season since their establishment, which they have celebrated with a "Jubilee Concert," presented to their subscribers in addition to the eight ordinary performances of the subscription. This was held on the 14th July, at St. James's Hall; but, singularly enough, the selection of music appeared to have no reference whatever to the event, except one piece composed by Dr. Bennett, the conductor, expressly for the occasion. The directors announced, the previous season, that this concert would be given for the "performance, on a large scale, of the colossal works written expressly for the Society by Beethoven, Spohr, Mendelssohn, and other great composers," but we look in vain through the programme for a single piece answering this description. The symphony was Mozart's "Jupiter," the overtures were Beethoven's "Leonora" and Weber's "Eury-anthe," and the instrumental solos were a concerto of Spohr's, Beethoven's Choral Fantasia, and a *theme varié* by Signor Piatti; to which were added Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer" and finale to "Loreley," the solos by Madame Lind Goldschmidt and Mademoiselle Tietjens respectively.

Dr. Bennett's composition was a "Fantasia Overture," intended to illustrate, or to depict, or to imitate, or whatever it may be called, Moore's "Paradise and the Peri;" and the programme was arranged with portions of the music printed alongside certain passages in the words, which they were intended to apply to. That the composition was a very beautiful one, and well worthy of the high reputation of our first English composer,

will be granted at once; but we may be allowed, without disrespect, to doubt whether this kind of music is really so successful as might at first be supposed.

A great rage has arisen, in modern days, for giving instrumental music what is called a "descriptive" character. It has been thought not enough that music should excite *emotions* in the mind; but it has been desired to make it also suggest ideas of scenes or occurrences, between which and the music no immediate connexion is traceable.

It is an open question, which deserves more investigation than it has yet received, how far music is legitimately capable of expressing ideas lying out of the proper domain of sound. That it is so, to a certain extent, is undeniable; but this extent is much more limited than is usually supposed, as is evident from the fact of the exceeding *indefiniteness* of the impressions produced. For, if we examine closely into the working on the mind of any descriptive piece of instrumental music, we shall find that by far the greater portion of its efficiency is due to our own fancy, and very little to the suggestive power of the music itself. It is easy enough, when we are told beforehand the programme of a composition, to identify, or rather to imagine we can identify, its descriptions; but let any descriptive symphony or overture, even of the highest class, be played to a person ignorant of its name or intention, and see the result of his endeavours to make out its meaning. The most contradictory guesses are made even by eminent musical critics; and often, even where an explanatory programme is given, the case is not much better; for we have frequently remarked the perplexity of hearers listening to a romantic composition, with a long sheet of explanation in their hands, and trying their utmost, but in vain, to make out what part of the scene is being played. And we have been somewhat profanely reminded of the showman, who, when asked inconvenient questions by his juvenile spectators as to which part of the picture he was describing, cunningly

replied, "Whichever you please, my little dears!"

It is probable that the true secret of musical description is, that music is to some extent capable of describing facts, through the medium of sensations appertaining to them, which sensations are producible *also* by musical combinations. Thus, for instance, an impression of liveliness or of solemnity, conveyed by music, may correspond with feelings of the same nature excited by certain objects, or certain scenes, and so the music may *seem* to describe such objects or scenes, whereas, in reality, it only recalls certain subjective qualities of them. Hence, if the hearer is told *what* the music refers to, he may probably succeed in tracing the description; but if not, he may altogether fail in divining what is intended to be described.

However this may be, there is no doubt that descriptive music may call forth much skill and talent in its composition; and, where a thorough appreciation of the æsthetic character of music exists, it may lead to results of high merit, as it has certainly done in Professor Bennett's Jubilee Overture.

The ordinary concerts of the Society have maintained the reputation of the new band. The only features requiring special mention have been the performance of Spohr's fine symphony, "*Die Weihe der Töne*;" a symphony by Gadé, interesting for its novelty; and a charming violin concerto by Molique, equal to a symphony in the taste and skill displayed in its orchestral structure. The latter was executed by Herr Joachim, whose marvellous violin-playing in the last two seasons has excited unbounded admiration. It is scarcely possible to conceive a more perfect treatment of this most perfect of all instruments, either in a mechanical or an intellectual point of view, than it receives under his hands.

Dr. Wylde's New Philharmonic Society, and the Musical Society, have each given their courses of concerts with success. The latter were remarkable for the revival of the first of the four overtures written by Beethoven for the opera of

"*Fidelio*," now scarcely known; and for a fine performance of Beethoven's Choral Symphony, a work which appears to advance in public favour, although we cannot think that what many musicians consider the eccentricities of its style become less eccentric by frequent hearing.

The cheap popular Monday Concerts of chamber music are as good and as popular as ever; the "Musical Art Union" has not been continued this year.

The Sacred Harmonic Society have given a series of Oratorios, as usual, at Exeter Hall; but have been more notorious for the part they have taken in the great musical fête of the season—namely, the Handel Festival, held at the Crystal Palace, on the 23d, 25th, and 27th of June. Some years ago (as mentioned in our former article) the directors of the Crystal Palace agreed, with the co-operation of the Sacred Harmonic Society, to try what would be the effect of a monster performance of some of Handel's works; the essay was first made in 1857, and the result was so satisfactory that, after a repetition in 1859, it was decided to make it periodical, under the name of the Great Triennial Handel Festival. No precedent, however, had existed for performances on so large a scale, and the experience of the two earlier trials was needed to perfect the arrangements. The orchestra, erected in 1857, at the west end of the great transept, originally held about 2,500 performers. It was then entirely open at the sides and back, and consequently much of the sound was lost. In 1859, it was enlarged, and surrounded with canvas, but still the effect was not satisfactory, and it became apparent that, in order to obtain the best results, the inclosure must be made more perfect; and accordingly, on the present occasion, the orchestra has been entirely cased round, and covered over with a concave wooden roof, acting as a reflecting sound board. It has also been further enlarged, and is now 216 feet wide, 100 feet high, and nearly as deep, from front to back, as Exeter Hall is long!

The following statement of the number of performers engaged will give an idea of the gigantic scale of the affair:—

CHORUS.	
Sopranos	810
Altos	810
Tenors	750
Basses	750
Total	3,120

BAND.	
Violins	194
Violas	75
Violoncellos	75
Double Basses	75
Wind Instruments, &c.	86
	505

Making in all 3,625 performers. A large organ was also fixed at the back of the orchestra, which gave a powerful aid to the effect. The chorus was composed partly of London singers and partly of contingents from the best choruses in various parts of England. The orchestra comprised members of all the best metropolitan and country bands.

The performances consisted of—

- First Day . . Messiah.
- Second Day . A Selection.
- Third Day . Israel in Egypt.

The "Selection" contained several choruses which, from their grandeur of style, were very appropriate to the occasion; among them being "Let their celestial concerts all unite," from Samson; "Envy, eldest-born of hell," from Saul; "As from the power of sacred lays," from Dryden's Ode to St. Cecilia's Day; "Immortal Lord," from Deborah; "Praise the Lord with harp and tongue," from Solomon; and a fine melodial chorus from the little-known opera of Hercules.

The execution of the choruses was most excellent, and much better than on any former occasion. The voices were admirably in tune, and kept well together, giving a unity and precision of effect truly marvellous, considering the enormous mass of executants and the

heterogeneous nature of its component elements. The general effect was very fine, and the result of the improvements in the construction of the orchestra was fully apparent in the greater concentration of the mass of sound, and the greater distinctness with which the music was heard in the remoter parts of the building.

The solo parts were taken by Madlle. Tietjens, Madame Rudersdorff, Madame Lemmens Sherrington, Miss Parepa, Madame Sainton Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Santley, and Signor Belletti. Many of the solos were sung in masterly style; but, of course, the choruses formed the great feature of the Festival. We must, however, pay, in passing, a tribute of admiration to Madlle. Tietjens, who, to a fine and well-cultivated voice, adds the charm (somewhat rare in the present day) of singular excellence and purity of style. She deserves the greatest praise for one notable feature in her singing—that is, a determined effort to abolish the ridiculous *tremolo*, which has unfortunately so long been in fashion. It happened that some celebrated opera singer, we think Rubini, took a fancy to express on the stage a sentiment of deep emotion, by a peculiar trembling, or unsteadiness of the voice, which, no doubt, as done by this most accomplished artist, was an idea at once appropriate and beautiful. But unfortunately, the effect being easy to imitate, he had soon a crowd of followers, who, not being blessed with his taste and judgment, made the ornament common, and, by taking away its appropriate meaning, destroyed all its real charm. It became the custom to make the voice *always* tremble, even on the most ordinary occasions; a defect became exalted into a beauty, and, at length, a good steady holding note (once considered a great merit in singing) was scarcely ever heard at all. But the absurdity did not stop here; the imitation was actually taken up by *instruments*, and hence we have had violins, flutes, clarionets, and trumpets, whose voices are all trembling with emotion! It

will scarcely be believed that keyed instruments have been specially made on purpose to tremble, and that even many of the large organs in the Exhibition are fitted up with apparatus for this purpose! Madlle. Tietjens, however, has boldly made a stand against this absurd fashion; it is delightful to hear her full ringing notes, so steady and so clear, bringing back the old days of pure singing; and we owe her a deep debt of gratitude for what, we trust, will be the first step towards the abolition of this contemptible and unmeaning piece of fashionable folly.

The general management was excellent, and the *coup d'œil* afforded by the gigantic transept, so well and so gaily filled, was, even independently of the music, a great attraction. The musical arrangements were all under the direction of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and the conductor was Mr. Costa.

The price of tickets was high, the whole transept being let in reserved seats at two and a half guineas each for the set of three days. The number of persons attending, inclusive of the performers, was:—

First Day	15,694
Second Day	14,143
Third Day	18,567

In a pecuniary point of view, the Festival of 1859 was a great success, but we regret to learn that, notwithstanding the exertions of all concerned, and the great care taken to keep down the expenses, the result this year has not been so favourable.

Handel appears to be the only composer whose works will bear this gigantic treatment. Attempts have been made to get up Haydn and Mendelssohn Festivals, by the performance of the "Creation" and the "Elijah," on a somewhat similar scale; but, beautiful and perfect as these compositions are in their way, they have not the breadth of style which gives to the choral music of Handel its colossal grandeur, and enables it to bear effectively such masses of sound as are brought into play on these occasions.

The Crystal Palace Directors still keep up their excellent ordinary concerts, under the direction of Mr. Manns, and these have been remarkable, during the present season, for the production of new English music of considerable promise.

There is yet another musical performance on a very large scale which has specially characterized the past season, and that is, the inauguration of the Great International Exhibition on the 1st of May. The desire of her Majesty's Commissioners to give as much attraction to the undertaking as possible, induced them to open the Exhibition with a State Ceremonial, in which music was made a prominent feature. They gave commissions to four composers—Dr. Sterndale Bennett, Monsieur Auber, Herr Meyerbeer, and Signor Verdi (representing the nations of England, France, Germany, and Italy, respectively)—for compositions to be performed at the Fête, which were all accepted with great goodwill, and carried out in each composer's best style. Three only of the compositions were, however, performed—Signor Verdi's, a meritorious cantata for tenor voice and chorus, being ignominiously put aside, an affront to the composer and his nation which was alike uncalled for and discreditable. Another slight, equally inconsiderate, was likewise offered to another of the composers, Dr. Bennett, in entrusting the conducting of his work to the second, instead of the first in command, although, fortunately, the execution did not suffer by the change.

A great orchestra was erected for the day of opening, under the East Dome, and a large body of performers was collected, numbering about 2,000 voices and 400 instrumentalists, conducted by Signor Costa. The music performed was:—The National Anthem; the three special pieces, composed for the occasion; and Handel's Hallelujah and Amen choruses, from the "Messiah."

The special pieces were as follows:—

1. A grand Overture in the form of a march, composed by Meyerbeer. It consisted of three movements—the first a triumphal march, the second a sacred

march, and the third a quick step, introducing our national air of "Rule Britannia," figured and interwoven with the theme of the quick step in a most ingenious and musician-like way.

2. A Cantata, set by Dr. Bennett to an Ode expressly written for the occasion by the Poet Laureate. This is one of the happiest works of the composer we have heard, and it is to be regretted that the peculiar nature of the text will probably diminish the chance of its being heard elsewhere.

3. The third special composition performed was an Overture by Auber, which, although the composer is such a veteran, had all the freshness of his earliest compositions.

The music went very well, the instrumental portion especially so, the body of sound given out by the band being very fine. The vocal portion of Dr. Bennett's Cantata was also very effective, the composer having skilfully adapted its style to the circumstances of performance. But the Handel selection was a failure; it seemed inappropriate and wanted the organ. Indeed, the ostentatious prominence of the religious element in the fête was, we think, in very questionable taste altogether.

This season has been marked by the reappearance in London of M. Thalberg, who gave four performances of pianoforte music in the Hanover Square Rooms. Every one knows that to this accomplished musician we owe an entirely new style of music for the pianoforte, but few are aware how much the development of this style depends on a particular element of performance, namely, the delicacy, susceptibility, and expression of the touch. The essence of the Thalberg style lies, not, as is

generally supposed, in an exuberance of flourishes and roulades, but in giving a distinct and separate quality and power of tone to different parts played at the same time, as, for example, a melody and its accompaniment; and it is this idea, of *distinguishing* a melody among a florid assemblage of accompanying notes, that marks the school as a novel one, and has found so many imitators, from Mendelssohn downwards. In order to exhibit the extraordinary power of his touch, M. Thalberg performed, in addition to his more florid pieces, some simple melodies, from a selection which he calls "The Art of Singing on the Pianoforte," and which, certainly, under his hands, gave a degree of expression of which one would scarcely have believed the instrument capable. It would be well if, instead of dosing young ladies with such pretentious rubbish for the pianoforte as is so much at present in vogue, our teachers would impress upon them the advantage of trying to use their fingers in a manner a little more consonant with intelligence and feeling. It is a pity that M. Thalberg's concerts were so few and so exclusive, or they might possibly have done much good in turning the fashion a little in this direction. Would it not be worth while for some of our best players to take up the experiment where he has left it? It might perchance answer well.

It should also be mentioned that M. Thalberg has achieved little short of a modern miracle in inducing the sleepy old genius, Rossini, to put forth his wonderful powers of composition yet once more, in the shape of some short pianoforte pieces of much merit, to which the great pianist gave an equally meritorious interpretation.

LINEN-DRAPERS AND THEIR ASSISTANTS.

TITTLERAT TITMOUSE, in "Ten Thousand a Year," is not a fair specimen, nor is he a specimen at all, of the true London shopman. No such creature exists out of the teeming brain of its author—at all events, not behind the counter of a linen-draper. He would not be tolerated there. Master and man would combine to expel him from the confraternity. Nor is the linen-draper's assistant the simpering, grimacing, bowing automaton, represented by *Punch* and others, who has, with malice aforethought, usurped the light work of females, appropriating to himself the easily-earned wages that should belong to attenuated spinsters and half-starved needlewomen.

The linen-draper's assistant is neither of these, but is more frequently a soft, country-bred, raw fellow, imported from the Fens of Lincolnshire, or the neighbourhood of the Peak of Derby, or, perhaps, a canny Scot, hailing from the classical locality of Dun-y-quoich. He has grown up for eighteen or twenty years in the hop-growing districts of Kent or Sussex; or, it may be, he has had his muscles developed in the bracing air of Penzance or John o' Groat's; and he has come up to town to get the provincial dust blown off, and have a modicum of knowledge of London activity and habits incorporated with the smattering of his business which he has already acquired. By far the greater proportion of young men employed in linen-drapery establishments in the City are there only for a limited time—from six months to a year, or two or three years; their intention being to return to their native place and commence business on their own account. Of course those who really work out this intention are not numerous. Many, from superior talents, acquire permanent and lucrative settlements in the metropolis; many sink into mere hacks, going from establish-

ment to establishment, till they have run the whole gauntlet of the trade, and settle down as loafers about some tavern, or become helps in petty concerns, to earn as much as will keep soul and body together. And many die; not a few in the workhouse.

It is a mistake to suppose that the work of the linen-draper's assistant is light, or that it is adapted to female hands. The simple selling at the counter in some of the departments is light enough, and perhaps could be carried on by slender girls; but there are heavy lifts, and untiring application, and long hours, without the indulgence of such a luxury as a seat—which no girls are fit for, and which would be as certain to break them down as the ill-ventilated sewing-rooms of a fashionable West-end milliner. The air in which the linen-draper's assistant lives is as unwholesome as that of the factory. The exhalations arising from the colouring matter used in the dyes of goods, and from the multifarious compounds out of which the fabrics are manufactured, are anything but fragrant, as may speedily be learnt by whoever will take the trouble to enter a linen-draper's warehouse in the morning when it is newly opened. Nor is his sleeping accommodation the most capacious. Four or half a dozen, or perhaps even a whole dozen, youths sometimes lodge together, in a dormitory situated in distant, lofty regions, at an altitude only reached by ordinary humanity in a balloon. This dormitory is cold in winter and hot in summer. From this exaltation, if he chooses to stir out of bed betimes during day-light, he may have a fine prospect of leads and slated roofs, stretching away as far as the eye can penetrate, through the fog and smoke of London. Miles upon miles of house-tops and gables in every picturesque, grotesque, quaint, plain, and ornamental fashion,

"Like Alp on Alp, and hill on hill, arise" to greet his view; with here a steeple or a tower, there a monument, and yonder a chimney-stalk rising beautifully over all, and giving them a pleasant variety. From this suggestive scenery the linen-draper's assistant can extract such sweet and bitter fancies as he best may.

As to the question of employing girls in shops—if they had been found to be most fitting behind the counter, they would have been behind the counter, and no preventive influence could have kept them back, as no spasmodic effort to benefit them has ever yet been able to substitute them for men behind the counter. Girls suit best at certain duties in our mills and factories, and they are preferred for those duties; and so it will ever be; the master being always the best judge of who will do his work best. Linen-drappers will have young men behind their counters, because it suits their purpose better to have them than girls; as mill and factory owners will have girls for their work, because they are the most suitable for it. To sneer, therefore, at the linen-draper's assistant on the score of effeminacy is simple absurdity.

But, in addition to the hardish work within doors, there is the intolerable nuisance of "taking goods out on sight;" that is, taking goods to the private dwelling-houses of ladies for them to select from, so as not to have the trouble of going a-shopping. This is almost invariably done in cases of mourning, when, it is presumed, the bereaved individual or family could not think of coming out. This annoying practice is carried on to some extent in the city; but in provincial towns it is very common—young men being often loaded like beasts of burden, and sent joggling along like a pedlar with his wares. The linen-draper's assistant hates with a perfect hatred, and more than any other abomination, the abomination of going out with goods upon sight. It is a standing grievance, and should be abated. It is an evil which, whenever girls are introduced to do the work of shopmen, must

be abolished for ever. Porters must then be hired to do the slavish duty. Girls are unable to do it.

In London retail establishments, almost all the assistants eat and sleep on the premises. They are allowed the privilege of seeing the green earth and the blue sky, of hearing the birds whistle, and perhaps setting their feet on the soft grass, once a week—the day set apart for this enjoyment, of course, being Sunday.

The ordinary day of the London linen-draper's assistant is, or used to be, passed in something like the following manner:—At seven, or half-past seven, a bell is rung for all hands to turn out of bed. Breakfast is on the table in half an hour, or thereabouts, by which time it is expected that every man has brushed his own boots, washed, donned the indispensable white "choker," and otherwise dressed himself. Breakfast over, every one is at his post about half-past eight or nine o'clock, or sooner, according to the regulations of the house. Relays of hands take turn about to attend for half an hour before breakfast; but, as extra time is allowed for the toilet, they do not reckon the early hour or half hour a grievance.

Dinner is usually served about one o'clock, and is of necessity partaken of in relays. Tea is about five; and in the better class of houses a light supper is provided. In general, the food, although plain, is wholesome and tolerably abundant—few complaints on this score being made against employers. On Sunday mornings, if any one feels inclined, and has the means, to luxuriate on a ham breakfast, or if he is in the humour for despatching a couple of eggs with his bread and butter and rather thin portion of coffee or *skye* tea, he will generally find the cook obliging, and, for a very small gratuity, or, perhaps, from downright favour, he can have his bacon fried, or his eggs boiled, and served up to him in becoming condition. It is, however, most common for the young men to be contented with the fare set before them, seeking superfluities only when out for the day—on Sunday.

The hours during the busy season, which lasts three months in spring and three months in autumn, are always late; the clearing up of goods that have been tossed and tumbled during the business of the day being seldom over before eleven or twelve, or even one o'clock in the morning.

Stock-taking, which occurs once, and in some establishments twice a year, is always a trying time. Three and four o'clock in the morning are common hours for young men to be kept up to—some slight extra refreshment in the shape of beer and sandwiches being usually doled out about eleven or twelve o'clock to enable the hands to toil on, measuring and tallying, and rolling and folding, so that the firm may balance its books and count up its gains. This stock-taking time is a period of severe labour—of labour sometimes to exhaustion—and usually lasts from seven to fourteen days, at the dullest season of the year for business; very commonly about the first of January.

The imposing functionary known as the shop-walker, who is always a good-looking man, besides his ostensible duty of seeing that no customer goes away unattended to, has his eye continually on the young men, and is to all intents and purposes their master. His voice is law, and from his orders there is no appeal. He will discharge a recusant in a twinkling, nor is there any quarter to which he can turn with the hope of having a remonstrance heard. There are no time engagements in retail establishments; and in the wholesale houses in the city the same rule generally obtains. The assistant in either branch "swops" or is "swopped," or gets or gives "the sack"—such being the slang terms used for giving up or being discharged from a situation, at any moment, without reason asked or given.

Whether this fast and loose system be a good one may be doubted. The want of a tie to bind master and man together is apt to beget a feeling of indifference on both sides. The appointment which may be lost in a second through caprice, or for any reason, must

necessarily be less valued than permanent employment even at less wages; but such is the rule of the trade.

We knew a man of standing in a large linen-draperies establishment, whose salary, he sometimes half jocularly, half seriously boasted, was greater than that of a colonel in her Majesty's army, being over a thousand pounds sterling a year. He was set down on Ludgate Hill from his curriole and pair every morning to business at nine o'clock—his vehicle sometimes jostling the vehicle of his principal, when both happened to be driven to the door at the same time. He was much esteemed by his employers and by the buyers who frequented the concern; but he had one fault—he was reckoned rather a fast man. His propensities showed themselves in a desire to witness what is called sport; his failing leaked out in his strong liking for the Fancy. The ring, the cockpit, and the turf were known to be his favourite places of resort when he could manage to obtain a day's leisure to enjoy them; yet he was withal a sober, an industrious, and a vigilant servant. He was, besides, a man of capacity, good manners, and of great persuasiveness—the last a qualification of high value, and, indeed, all but indispensable to success; and he was placed in a position of confidence in the establishment, and remunerated, as has been stated, accordingly.

Yet even this man was under no time engagement. He could go, or he could be sent, about his business at a moment's notice.

One day he made known to the head of the establishment that he was desirous to go down to see the Derby. The partners had a disposition to permit him every reasonable freedom; but they disliked indulging him in this particular way. Objections were started, then urged, against his going; it was the busy season, large orders requiring his personal supervision were being executed, he could not really be spared from business just then, &c. In short, he was remonstrated with gently, kindly, to induce him, if possible, to forego his

intention; but he would not be advised; he was firm, headstrong, and, as he waxed warm in the discussion, he said he would go. Altercation followed remonstrance, and the end was that he was there and then walked out of the house.

Young men whose activity and zeal commend them to their principals are taken from the ranks, promoted, and made partners, the new blood invigorating and infusing new life into the concern. In some houses this promotion is systematic. A young recruit is added to the list of partners; but he is, on admission, bound to retire after a given number of years, to make room for another transfusion to keep the old veins fresh and healthy. By this means vigour and vitality are preserved, and the latest improvements are constantly introduced, keeping the business lively and wholesome—the capitalist at the head always retaining his position and keeping the lion's share of the profits to himself.

Among linen-draper's assistants who have risen from the ranks and become eminently successful the following is a remarkable instance:—

A lout of a lad came up from Norfolk, and somehow contrived to obtain employment about an establishment in the city, at that time of little note. He began humbly, as a kind of porter, his work at the outset being to carry parcels, and assist in taking down and putting up the heavy shutters on the windows mornings and evenings. He was a raw, uncouth fellow—tall, thin, and ungainly from rapid growth—his drab corduroys scarcely reaching to his ankles. But he had a clear head on his shoulders, and he had willing hands; and the coarse ill-cultured hobbledohoy wrought his way on perseveringly till he was placed by his observant master among the salesmen. This vantage-ground once gained, his greatest difficulty was surmounted, and he took his place among his fellows and maintained it; and, having acquitted himself to the satisfaction of his employer, he was, after a time, occasionally trusted to make a

run down to the manufacturing districts to buy. This had been the height of his ambition. To be a buyer! To attain this lofty eminence was the culminating point of his earthly desires; and, when he attained it, his satisfaction was without bounds—it was supreme.

He started by coach from the Swan with Two Necks, Lad Lane, one morning in the beginning of November in the year 1817 to make some purchases. On arriving at the place of his destination late in the evening, he found some other buyers from the city in the hotel; but being little known to them, he kept as much as possible apart. He had his reasons for wishing to avoid coming in contact with them. From information which he had received previous to starting on his journey, and which he had thought carefully over on his way down, he had a game to play, and he meant to play it well, thoroughly, out and out. It is said that he was secretly, but busily engaged all the following day, among the manufacturers, buying up right and left, but keeping down all suspicion of his motives as much as possible, the entire stock in the market of one article. News did not then travel so rapidly as they do now by rail and telegraph, and it was not till the coaches arrived that night or next morning, that the astounding intelligence was brought of the unexpected death of the Princess Charlotte. The London buyers of goods were instantly agog for the interest of their respective employers; but, to their extreme mortification, they found that, except trifling morsels, every packet of mourning crape in the town and neighbourhood had been bought up. Our Norfolk youth, now metamorphosed into a buyer, had secured it all.

Having done his work, he set off home, and communicated to his master what he had done. The master was a plain-sailing man; he had saved his money rather than made it, and he was uneasy. It was a speculation beyond the range of his ideas to buy up the whole of any commodity whatever, and, most of all, of the whole manufactured black crape in the country. He did not

like it. The longer he thought over the transaction, the more the temerity of his buyer alarmed him. And, when van after van began to arrive at the warehouse, setting down absolute mountains of the rather bulky commodity, the poor man wrung his hands—he was in despair. Every corner of the warehouse was filled with crape; every hole and cranny was stuffed with it; pile upon pile rose in vast pyramids before the eyes of the bewildered man, shutting out of sight the other portions of the stock, and making a passage through the premises nearly impracticable. Crape, crape, nothing but crape was visible on floor, and shelf, and counter; the horrid article was everywhere, to the exclusion of everything else, above or below.

The unfortunate linen-draper in the anguish of his heart cursed the Norfolk lad, bitterly lamenting the hour in which he had unluckily permitted his imprudent assistant to go out unrestricted as to the extent of his purchases. Ruin was manifestly staring him in the face, and he insensibly began to calculate how much might be saved from the wreck wherewith to compound with his creditors. Not so the worker of all the mischief. He had faith in himself. He did his best to console and soothe his employer by assuring him of what he felt confident would turn out to be the fact—that the whole retail trade of the United Kingdom would require to come to them for their supplies, and that they would obtain any prices they pleased.

The lamentation for the death of the Princess Charlotte was so sincere and so universal, that the mourning worn at her decease, out of sympathy for her untimely end, was much more general than is usual on the demise of members of the royal family, and, consequently, the demand for black crape for mourning was in proportion unprecedented. The vast stock rapidly disappeared, and the general trade of the concern was thereby greatly improved; the foundation of a princely fortune was laid, and in due time a partnership, and after that, the hand of his master's daughter, re-

warded the services of the bold crape buyer.

The tricks of the less respectable portion of the linen-drapery trade are well known. An article is ticketed at a certain price, perhaps at one-half of its value, and exhibited ostentatiously in a plate-glass window. Some large article—a shawl for instance—is usually selected. Some newly-arrived country booby is taken with the bait, ventures into the shop, and offers to purchase the article. The smiling shopman either bamboozles yokel into the purchase of another shawl—which, of course, he protests is much more elegant than the one that was hung in the window, and had hit his fancy (this latter somehow getting spirited out of sight during the higgling); or, if that won't take, by dexterous manipulation on the part of the rogue in charge, the ticket is shifted, and shown to belong to quite a different piece of goods; or, it is made clear to yokel that it has been put on the one exhibited in the window by a mistake—entirely by a mistake. If our country friend escapes from the clutches of the harpies in whose power he has unwarily placed himself, without being heavily mulcted for his pains, he may thank his stars when he gets safely out, and think himself very lucky indeed.

A dishonest salesman can cheat you while you are looking at him. His fingers are as nimble as a card-player's, and they are as pliable and sensitive as those of a sharper—for, at the moment he is vending a piece of goods, he will so contrive to slip back the measure as to give you a less quantity than you have paid for, watch him as you will. Few families when they go home take the trouble to ascertain if the measurement of what they have bought is correct; nor is it requisite to do so when you are dealing at a respectable house; but, when you do not know the parties, depend on it, you may be robbed while your eyes are steadily fixed on the salesman, who may be a rogue, and laughing at you while cheating you to your face.

Tricks of this kind, however, are stale

and are only resorted to by rascals and thieves, of whom every trade has its proportion, injuring those who are upright and honest, and sometimes, but rarely, by the falling man, ere he lets go his last hold on the outward and visible means of living. That fortune does not always smile on the linen-draper may be fairly assumed whenever a huge placard appears in his window announcing a "tremendous sacrifice," or an "enormous reduction," or a "frightful fall," or an "awful decline in value," or, as we have seen the words printed on large placards in the suburbs, "tremendous" and "enormous." These *ruses* are, however, but a prelude to honourable mention in the columns of the *Gazette*.

The linen-draper's assistant is not without his peculiarities. He will do a stupid thing like other people, and he will persist in his crotchet when he has one, and believe he knows what is what as well as you do. Behind the counter he is all meekness and submission; but, when at large, he asserts his prerogative to be as wrong-headed as he likes.

Many years ago we happened to stay a night at a hotel in Liverpool along with a linen-draper's assistant who was then on his way to Sheffield to a new situation. Our own route lay in the same direction, through Sheffield, but farther south. As he was an old acquaintance, we went along with him, and took outsiders for two in the stage-coach for five o'clock on the following morning. Our friend was a man of sluggish ideas, and as slow to move as a corporate body. In spite of all difficulties, however—and they were manifold—we got him out of bed about four o'clock, partook of such breakfast as could be had at that early hour, and, portmanteaus in hand, we trudged off to the office from which the coach was to start. We were in good time, and therefore walked leisurely along until we were near the place of our destination, when lo! he remembered that he had forgotten his umbrella, that he had left it behind. What was he to do? It might rain—of course it might rain. Or snow? Yes, it might even snow, as we have known it in crossing Shap Fells

in June. Would he return to the hotel for it? Was there time? There surely was plenty of time. There must be time. We endeavoured to convince him that there was not. We tried hard and vehemently to point out the risk he ran of losing the coach, and that the loss of his old umbrella was but a trifle compared to the loss of the fare he had paid. But our sage counsels were set at nought. He was certain he had time to go back; he would go back, and he went.

When the coach was turned out of the yard, we got ourselves ensconced on the seat beside the driver, sitting patiently while the roof was being packed, and lifting up our legs as ever and anon the boot was opened for parcels to be thrust in, at the same time keeping watch on the turning round which we every moment expected our erratic friend to emerge. But the loading is ended; the passengers have scrambled to their places, and the final word "all right" is pronounced. At our urgent request one more blast of the guard's bugle is given; there is a moment's pause, and the ribbons are passed through coachee's hands; they are adjusted; the ostlers hastily pull the rugs from the horses' backs, let go the bridle of the leaders, and we are off. We never saw our unlucky friend again. Whether or not he ever reached Sheffield is one of the many unsolved mysteries of our existence.

The right men do not always and easily find their way into the right places, latent talent often lying *perdu* for want of a fitting opportunity to bring it into action. If audacity, audacity, and still audacity be every thing in the political life of a demagogue, manner is the one and indispensable essential in the linen-draper's assistant. Without this virtue all others vanish into thin air; they are lost in the shade, and go for nothing.

A young man whose bluntness was such, that every effort to turn him to account in a linen-draper's establishment was found unavailing, received from his employer the customary notice that he would not suit, and must go.

"But I'm good for something," remonstrated the poor wretch, loth to be turned out into the street.

"You are good for nothing as a salesman, anyhow," retorted the principal, regarding him from his own selfish point of view.

"I am sure I can be useful," repeated the young man.

"How? tell me how."

"I don't know, sir; I don't know."

"Nor do I;" and the principal laughed as he saw the eagerness the lad displayed.

"Only don't put me away, sir; don't put me away. Try me at something besides selling; I cannot sell, I know I cannot sell."

"I know that, too; that is what is wrong."

"But I can make myself useful somehow. I know I can."

The blunt boy, who could not be turned into a salesman, and whose manner was so little captivating that he was nearly sent about his business, was accordingly tried at something else. He was placed in the counting-house, where his aptitude for figures soon showed itself, and in a few years he became, not only chief cashier in the concern, but eminent as an accountant throughout the country.

But the difficulty is to get into the right place. A man may waste the energies of a life-time before he finds himself in a proper sphere of action. A linen-draper, with whom we have the honour of a bowing acquaintance, began business on his own account in early life, but, so grievously did he lack the *suaviter in modo*, that customers but seldom darkened his door. A neighbour, equally idle as himself, was found; and the two hopefuls, from having nothing else to do, took to playing chess, at which game, through constant practice, our friend became an adept. The truth is, he had little trade, and he ate and drank such small profits as were made at it, and, in process of time, having exhausted his stock, he resorted to the general expedient of luckless men and compounded with his creditors.

This little difficulty having been got over, he had a fair start once more, and, of course, he once more resumed his do-little course. But circumstances brought an unlooked-for change. A younger brother of his, with not half the quantity of brains in his head, but with a large share of suavity, having borrowed a few hundred pounds from some confiding friend, opened a warehouse in the same city. From the outset, the attempt of this junior was a great success, and his time was so much taken up in general management, and in attending to sales and salesmen, that he found he really had no opportunity to go to the market to buy goods. In this dilemma he thought of his unemployed, idle, elder brother, and persuaded him to shut his profitless little *boutique*, and join him. He did so, and became buyer. Being a man of much sagacity and prudence, excellently adapted by natural shrewdness for a buyer, although he was unable to sell, he did his work to such purpose that the concern became noted for the excellency of its wares, and thrived amazingly.

Perhaps it is not generally known that drapery establishments are conducted on such a scale of magnitude as they are in some large cities. In London, one house does business annually to the extent of two millions sterling in value. In one of the chief mercantile towns in Scotland, there is a concern that disposes of goods, yearly, amounting to a million sterling.

As a contrast to the unity that subsisted between the two brothers, whose fortunate career has just been touched upon, we shall state the case of another linen-drapery establishment in a provincial town, in which several brothers were interested, whose partnership was not equally happy. Differences having arisen between the brothers in the concern, the youngest, for reasons never well explained, seceded, and began an opposition business with a partner of his own choosing. They had not gone on long together when the partner, finding himself one day involved in a perplexed love-affair, took an unceremonious leave.

The credit of the house was shaken by such an untoward *exposé*. It became bankrupt; the effects belonging to the junior brother were all sold off by public auction; and, further, a certain day was fixed, on which his interest in the lease of the premises would also be sold. If he were permitted to retain the premises, the young man thought he could see his way to a possible redemption of his position; but, once deprived of them, he could only look forward to a life of poverty and humiliation. He had once been successful in his pursuits, although he was now overwhelmed with reverses, and he was a proud man—as proud as either of his rich brothers; yet he bent himself to write a note to the eldest, who was very rich, soliciting his aid and assistance to protect him from this final degradation. He added, it is said, a note at the bottom of his letter, to the effect that if his brother did not grant him what he asked he would most probably not further trouble him. To this note no answer was returned. It is alleged that the brother to whom it was addressed was out of town and did not receive it; and, on the other hand, it is said that the postscript had been regarded as savouring of a threat. The day so much dreaded at length arrived, and the property was duly knocked down by the auctioneer—sold. On the evening of the same day the unfortunate man shot himself through the heart. The family hushed up the tragic story.

The present mode of conducting the linen-draper's business is to have one price only, from which no deviation is made. But this is a modern innovation on the good old times, when higgling over a bargain was a common practice. The improvement was instituted by an eminent firm in the city, and from thence it naturally radiated to the outskirts, and thence to the provinces, where, however, it took many years to obtain a solid footing.

Long after the people of England had adopted the one-price system, the Scotch and Irish adhered to their old ways. In either Scotland or Ireland whatever

price was asked, an offer of less money was invariably made; a *talkee* followed; and sometimes, and sometimes not, a bargain was struck. A remarkable feature of difference might here be observed between the Scottish and the Irish character. If an Irishman offered a price in a shop for an article he wished to buy, and the linen-draper happened to accept the price he offered sharp off, the Milesian, although perhaps staggered in his judgment, and doubting that he had gone wrong, and made a mistake in offering too much, nevertheless, from a chivalrous feeling of honour, held firm to the offer he had made, like a man; but the canny Scot, in the like circumstances, under the apprehension that he had committed a blunder, would button up his pocket carefully, take up the debatable article and submit it to another minute scrutiny, and, as if a new light had dawned upon him, would quietly say as he walked away, that he "would call to-morrow."

It is no easy task to introduce an improvement in any trade. A certain linen-draper's establishment, on an extensive scale in a large city, having been opened on the principle of having a fixed price, from which no abatement whatever would be given, had nearly proved a failure from its novelty. The custom was a new one, and the people, among whom it was introduced for the first time, could not be reconciled to it. Like the young lady who consented to be married on a summary notice, but who still insisted on having her proper allowance of courtship, many ladies insist that they shall be allowed the privilege, which is theirs prescriptively, of higgling over every purchase they make at the linen-draper's. But when at length the price of goods purchased at the no-second-price establishment was compared with that of others in the same trade, in the same city, and found to be lower—which it could afford to be, because the whole was based on a sound calculation—business flowed upon the concern, and it became ultimately the most flourishing in the city. Yet, before the public found out that they could be

well and cheaply served, the proprietors, despairing of the success of their plan, had had part of their stock packed up in bales, with the intention of abandoning the enterprise.

Vidocq did not institute a keener system of espionage over the *gamins* of Paris than is brought to bear upon the linen-drafter's assistant to keep him honest. He is the best-watched man in her Majesty's dominions. Not even Thieves' Corner or a ticket-of-leave man is held under such strict and never-slackening surveillance. Art and science have been exhausted to keep his fingers out of the till. Check upon check has been invented to prevent his robbing his employer. The mode at present followed in large houses is *not to let him touch money at all*. When he makes a sale he calls aloud the word "cash," and *presto* an imp of a boy emerges, who seizes the money, and, along with it, certain check papers which have been prepared by the assistant, and which he has filled up, and carries all off to a central cashier, who receives them, retains the money, stamps the bill in token that it has passed the ordeal of his desk, and gives it back to the boy, who delivers it to the customer.

That no peculation goes on in defiance of this spy system, it would be hard to say; but there can be no doubt that the difficulty of taking money is vastly increased by it, and it is certain that we hear of comparatively few cases of linen-drappers' assistants being up at the metropolitan police-courts for this offence. Let us hope that improved habits and rectitude of principle have the larger influence in preserving them from crime. Their remuneration, as a general rule, is not large, and the temptation is strong. Salaries for ordinary country hands, besides food and lodging, range from 20*l.* to 50*l.* per annum. Greater remuneration is only given to hands of some standing, who have proved themselves useful, and whom it may be the wish of the employer to retain in the establishment. With such scanty means to maintain some outward appearance of respectability, unless a young man is

assisted by his friends at home, or is exceedingly careful, his sources of out-of-door enjoyment must be very limited indeed. As a body, linen-drappers' assistants are, perhaps, the most numerous in any calling having pretensions to a genteel garb; yet they are far from being notorious as breakers of the public peace, or scandalous as the perpetrators of crime.

If linen-drappers' assistants, like the renowned Whittington, by assiduity and well-directed industry have raised themselves from a humble origin to be mayors, and aldermen, and members of parliament, and occasionally to have the honour of knighthood conferred upon them, they have only reached those points of human elevation in common with many other tradesmen, and therefore there is little room for vanity on this head. Yet the thorough-bred assistant does feel proud of the distinction attained by his brethren of the craft, and sometimes boasts of it too.

Linen-drappers' assistants have arrived at the acme of earthly greatness when they are promoted from behind the counter to the enviable dignity of traveller. A guinea a day as travelling expenses, and a horse and gig, were something to boast of, and accordingly the traveller *par excellence*, proud of his well-appointed turn-out, usually held himself to be a man of consideration. He lived well at the hotels in the town, through which he passed; had his pint of sherry to dinner; and, on special occasions, when he invited a customer to dine with him, a bottle of port was indulged in. But as he must not pass beyond his guinea, this luxury was a rare one. No doubt he was obliged to labour diligently to obtain large orders; otherwise, on his return to head-quarters things might not be made quite comfortable to him. Railways, however, have very much altered the character of the commercial traveller. He is a less important personage now than he was thirty years ago. Besides, country merchants prefer going up to town to select goods for themselves to trusting the execution of their orders to him.

We shall close these remarks by

relating the following incident of a commercial traveller. He had been receiving an order of some extent, and which had taken a considerable time to note down, from a linen-draper who unfortunately was remarkably deaf. During the progress of the transaction he had necessarily to shout to the utmost extent of his voice in the ear of his customer. The business, however, being at length at an end, the traveller buckled up his traps, and went away. His next place of call was at the shop of an elderly gentleman only a few doors off. The patterns were again opened out, and the process of examination and the usual colloquy on such occasions went on comfortably in all respects, until the

old draper stooped over one of the patterns, and, without lifting his head, while he was examining the quality of a piece of goods exhibited to him, put some simple question. Our commercial friend, forgetting for the moment where he was, and thinking he was still dealing with his former deaf customer, put his lips close to the ear of the inquirer, and roared out an answer with the voice of a stentor. The old gentleman was astounded; he was horror-stricken. He raised his head, and staggered back. He supposed the traveller had gone mad, and he was only convinced by slow degrees that he was not absolutely insane, when he received an explanation of the cause that had led to the mistake. A.

"SING, SING, BIRD OF SPRING."

Sing, sing,
Bird of spring,
Sing at her casement a *réveillée* to my Love.
Thou that yearly shelterest
Underneath her eaves thy nest,
Knowing in her neighbourhood
Nothing harbours else than good,
Peace, security and rest;
Sing her thy best.

Say, say,
Buds of May,
Do ye not languish for the presence of my Love?
Breathing but when she is nigh,
Flowering only for her eye,
Happy if your choicest blossom
Find such grace as in her bosom
One enraptured hour to lie,—
There, there to die!

Twine, twine,
Gentle vine,
Twine round her trellis, make a bower for my Love!
Clinging tendrils, court her sight,
Whispering leaves, her ear invite;
If she mark not, boldly clamber,
Favoured envoy, to her chamber;
Plead until she rise and light
The world's long night.

VINCENZO; OR, SUNKEN ROCKS.

BY JOHN RUFFINI, AUTHOR OF "LORENZO BENONI," "DOCTOR ANTONIO," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

THE STRAY LAMB IN THE FOLD AGAIN.

Few but friendly were the words which passed next morning between father and son. The father began by stating most peremptorily that, as for any proposal which had reference to volunteering, it might as well not be mentioned, as he did not mean to listen to any. We have already had occasion to make the remark that men above fifty were at that period unconquerably averse to the volunteer force. If Ambrogio felt a real desire to be a soldier, he had nothing to do but to wait his turn of the conscription, which would be within two years. Then, and then only, could Ambrogio's wish, if it lasted so long, be indulged; but he must be a soldier in earnest, knowing what he was about, and doing it according to rule.

Ambrogio readily agreed to the terms, and for three principal reasons: first, because he was unwilling to thwart his father, whom he sincerely respected and loved; secondly, that he considered himself fairly beaten, and therefore in honour bound to submit to the fair conditions offered; and thirdly, that he believed the victory of Goito and the surrender of Peschiera would bring the war of independence to a close. Nor was the conversation which took place between Vincenzo and Barnaby less satisfactory. Indeed, it mainly turned upon the way in which the news of Vincenzo's escapade had been received at the palace, and the consequent sort of humour he was likely to find there. Barnaby's unalterable optimism, restricted though it was to this one particular, did not belie itself. According to his version, the Signor Avvocato had been rather agreeably tickled than otherwise by his godson's spirited freak, and was ready to

back him up well against the seminary; and in support of this assertion Barnaby quoted the few phrases he had retained of his master's letter to the principal, unwittingly deepening their colour. As for the signorina, ah, poor thing! her eyes were sadly swollen with crying, which was no sign of anger; only to have seen her when she first heard that Vincenzo had enlisted, only to have heard her begging her father to send after him, was sufficient to satisfy any one that all was safe in that quarter; Vincenzo might take Barnaby's word for that. Vincenzo did not, however, take it without some mental reservations and abatement; still there was a good portion of comfort left, even allowing for such subtractions. After a hasty breakfast taken together, the two couples got into their respective gigs, and separated for the nonce, to meet again by special agreement at the mayor's house, which lay in Barnaby's road. The mayor's roan horse being a much faster trotter than Barnaby's black mare, as had been ascertained by a careful comparison of notes, the respective owners had chosen rather to part company for a time than for the one to be a drag on the other. This arrangement also effectually saved the old fire-eater's *amour-propre*, for the roan had been already an hour in his stable when Blackie stopped at the mayor's door.

The mayor and his son were of course there to receive their guests; but a third person was with them, at sight of whom Barnaby's features screwed themselves up into a curious grimace, expressive of alarm and pugnaciousness. This third person was Giuseppe, the young man, if you remember, whose growing favour with the Signor Avvocato gave the greatest umbrage to Barnaby. Giuseppe, seeing the storm gathering on the wrinkled brow of his elder, hastened to

explain how, on receipt of the mayor's letter informing the Signor Avvocato of his godson's arrival and detention at the mayor's house, he had been dispatched in Barnaby's absence to meet and bring home the fugitive. Giuseppe's explicit admission that he had been used as a *pis-aller* for Barnaby fell like oil on the rising waves of the old gardener's wrath. Nevertheless, he observed in a very curt manner, meant to set at rest all doubt as to his own superiority, that the lad was in his charge, and should remain so until once more safe in the palace. Giuseppe said nothing to the contrary ; upon which Ugly and Good condescended to disarm. The dinner to which they presently sat down was copious, if not varied. The poultry yard had supplied it almost entirely ; but the two condiments of cordiality and cheerfulness made up abundantly for want of variety. The conversation ran exclusively on the victories of Peschiera and Goito ; and many were the bumpers drained to the health of the king and army, and to the speedy termination of the campaign. The remotest hamlets were by this time sharing in the general intoxication caused by the great news ; and all along the route our travellers had been struck by the universal excitement, and by the unanimous and almost magical celerity with which triumphal arches of laurel were erected, in addition to preparations for illuminations even in the humblest dwellings. It was a lucky coincidence that the glorious tidings should have reached these rural districts on a *fête* day—in fact, on Ascension-day ; a coincidence which went far to enhance, and, to a certain extent, to hallow their celebration. As mayor of the village, Ambrogio's father had been able to get up a demi-religious, demi-political demonstration, in the shape of a procession to take place after vespers ; and in which would figure all the notables of the place and the clergy, accompanied by the municipal body and the national guard with its band of music, not to speak of illuminations and fireworks in the evening.

The mayor urged Barnaby to stay over the night, if not for his own plea-

sure, to let Vincenzo enjoy the sight in Ambrogio's company ; but Barnaby was proof against all entreaty. Cross-grained people are not necessarily without feeling—very often quite the contrary, as in this individual instance. No bribe could have induced Barnaby to prolong the anxiety he was aware his master and the signorina must be suffering. Such a good reason shut the mayor's mouth—he could not even plead mercy to Blackie as an excuse for delay ; that valuable animal had been so recruited by rest and food that she looked brisk enough for double the work she had before her.

The gig was already at the door, an affectionate farewell spoken *hinc inde*, the two lads pledging themselves to an eternal friendship, when the mayor exclaimed to Barnaby, "Wait a moment ; we have forgotten this youngster's cassock, though, to judge from appearances, I do not think he will be in a hurry to put it on again."

"Pray don't trouble yourself," cried Vincenzo ; "I prefer leaving it behind. Ah ! but I remember now, it does not belong to me."

"Never mind that," said Barnaby ; "let it stay where it is ; we'll pay its value if we are asked for it ; I'll be bound its price won't ruin us."

"Nor are the clothes I have on mine," added Vincenzo, in sudden and great perplexity, "and I really ought to return them to their owner."

Here Ambrogio interrupted him with a hurried "Keep them as a recollection of me and our journey."

"Yes, yes, keep them," echoed Ambrogio's father ; "my son has long outgrown them."

"Well, we'll keep them, and be thankful for them also," interposed Barnaby ; "but on condition that you allow us to give you something in return."

"No such thing," cried both father and son, as they saw Barnaby, after fumbling in his pocket, draw forth a time-worn leather purse.

"Now listen to me," resumed Barnaby ; "I am not going to offer to pay you for the clothes, but answer me a

question. There is some poor person in the parish to whom you would probably have given them? Well, give instead this couple of five-franc pieces, and thus we sha'n't feel as if we had been robbing our neighbour."

"But—" began the mayor.

"No buts," interrupted Barnaby; "either give such person this little help, or we can't take Ambrogio's clothes;" and Barnaby, with an irate jerk forward of his whole body, looked as if about to alight.

"Have your own way then, you obstinate fellow," said the mayor good humouredly, accepting the money.

"That's right, and thank you. Good day;" and Barnaby drove off in triumph with his captive.

Vincenzo hailed this final divorce from his seminarist's robe as a great victory; it was a *fait accompli*, which, at least in his eyes, raised his chances of emancipation fifty per cent. Another cause of inward satisfaction was the unmistakable admiration of which he had seen himself the object to a circle of urchins gathered round the gig, who had never ceased staring at the would-be volunteer during this last debate between Barnaby and the mayor—Vincenzo's first sip of popularity. The drive presented no incident worth relating, unless it be the meeting at a late hour with a band of merry youths belonging to Rumelli on their way home, who, on recognising the well-known grumbler, opened a battery of jokes against him, keeping up, till they lost sight of him, a brisk fire of "There goes Radetzsky!" to the incredible exasperation of the old man, who swore he would make an example of them. Nothing came of the threat, however, save some useless slashes with the whip at the innocent bushes by the road side, responded to by derisive laughter and redoubled discharges of the obnoxious nickname.

As to what was said between the couple in the gig—and the conversation did not languish—it all related to the main question at issue—cassock or no cassock—and was summed up on Barnaby's part in this short formula, "If you ever put it on again I have

done with you;" and in still fewer words from Vincenzo, "I'll die first."

No glimpse of light lingered in any of the windows of the palace when they reached it at midnight; so both groped their way up to their respective rooms in the attic, and tired as they were soon went to sleep. Vincenzo awoke early the next morning, and could not close his eyes again for thinking of the dream he had had. He had dreamed that the Signor Avvocato had received him with so much kindness, and had begged him in such a paternal manner to reconsider his resolution of renouncing the priesthood, had urged him so earnestly to resume his studies at the seminary, that Vincenzo had ended by giving a reluctant consent. "God grant he may not be such as I saw him in my dream," thought Vincenzo; "I would rather a thousand times he were angry and harsh than kind and gentle to me. I could not resist his kindness—that I am as sure of as that if I go back to the seminary it will be the death of me. Nothing, no, nothing in the world could ever reconcile me to a profession for which nature most certainly never intended me." During this soliloquy Vincenzo dressed himself, and then opened the window; it was a gusty rainy morning, the sky one uniform tint of grey. The lad inhaled with delight the cool air and the racy scent arising from the moistened earth. He stood there long, listening to the thrushes, and looking with the keen pleasure of one newly returned to a dear home, at the row of familiar dwarf acacias, which, with their rounded tops, had a considerable likeness to broomsticks surmounted by periwigs. Vincenzo had no idea of what hour it might be; the clock of the village, owing to the direction of the wind down the plain, could not be heard that morning at the palace. Barnaby had promised to come to him early; probably, as he had not made his appearance, it was not yet his usual hour for rising; at all events, Vincenzo scrupled to wake the old man. Had it not been raining so hard he would have gone down to the garden, with the certainty of meet-

ing his godfather taking his usual early walk, and so have got over their first meeting. As it was, no chance now of accomplishing that out of doors; but when and where, then, should he see the Signor Avvocato? It stood to reason that it was Vincenzo's duty to seek the Signor Avvocato; yet he was shy of doing so until somebody should have informed the Signor Padrone of his return. At last, unable to go on arguing the matter with himself alone, Vincenzo made up his mind to go and wake Barnaby. He opened his own door gently, and stood on the threshold listening if there were any sounds of moving in the house. Suddenly a door below opened noisily, and he heard a heavy step coming up the stairs. Could it be the Signor Avvocato? Yes, not a doubt of it. Where could he be going? Could he be coming in search of the truant? Vincenzo closed his door with the utmost precaution, and with a beating heart returned to his station at the window. It was actually the Signor Avvocato, who, in his impatience to ascertain whether the carriage he had heard drive to the door during the night had brought back the seminarist as well as Barnaby, had got up an hour earlier than his wont, and in his dressing-gown was making his way to Vincenzo's room.

This was, indeed, a good sign. The Signor Avvocato had, as we know, a real attachment for his godson, which at any time would have inclined him to be indulgent; and the elation of his spirits, consequent on the glorious news received on the preceding day, putting for the moment principals of seminaries and political misgivings into the background, left full play to the promptings of his kindly disposition. The Signor Avvocato, when happy himself, was not the man to give pain to others.

"Ah! here thou art at last," said the elderly gentleman, pushing open Vincenzo's door; "I hope thou hast had a pleasant journey—how the sun has browned thy face! I expect thou wilt soon give the world a large volume full of thy notes of travel."

"Oh, sir!" faltered Vincenzo, moved

to tears, and kissing his godfather's hand, "how very good you are—not to upbraid me . . ."

"Ta, ta, ta!" interrupted the master of the palace; then added, with a proper assumption of severity, "I don't advise you to rely too much on my goodness; better try to deserve it, sir."

"And so I will, with all my strength," was Vincenzo's eager reply.

"Very well, we shall see. Deeds, not words, is my motto. What, may I ask, has become of your cassock?"

"It was in such a threadbare state, really going to pieces," answered the youth, evading a direct reply.

"In truth, it was far from good," said the gentleman; "however, it can be easily replaced if necessary."

"Then I may be pretty sure it never will be," observed Vincenzo.

"How so?" inquired the Signor Avvocato.

"Because you added the condition of its being necessary; and, indeed, sir, I can foresee no case in which my resuming the cassock could be considered a matter of necessity."

"Fine talking. After all, what do you know about it, Mr. Arguer? the decision does not rest with you. You must do as you are desired."

"I am safe, then," rejoined Vincenzo, quickly, "for you, sir, will never require of me what you know to be out of my power."

"Methinks your travels have sharpened your wits," observed the Signor Avvocato, with a shade of complacency. "No wonder, however, considering the distinguished leader under whose auspices you commenced them. So, your colonel Roganti, was but a sorry knave, after all. Tell me about him and his tricks."

Vincenzo did so, to the infinite amusement of his listener, who chuckled amazingly at the notion of his godson's going about offering hymns and scapularies for sale, and gratefully receiving alms in aid of the State. While Vincenzo was still narrating his adventures, Barnaby came into the room, and, to show his satisfaction at the evident good understanding between his master and

his *protégé*, went through a series of grins and winks that might have made a monkey jealous.

The Signor Avvocato, in the best of humours, at last returned to his own bed-chamber to finish dressing, while Vincenzo, in obedience to his orders, went down to the kitchen in quest of a breakfast, thankful and happy to have fallen so luckily on his feet.

As, with some malice prepense, he loitered after his meal in the dining-room, a large hall on the ground-floor, which adjoined the kitchen, Miss Rose, in a great hurry and excitement, came thither in search of him. On seeing him, she stopped for a second, as if puzzled or alarmed by the change in his appearance, then ran forward and shook hands with him, saying, "Oh, Vincenzo ! I scarcely knew you at first ; you look like another person !" Something there was in these words which gave Vincenzo a sudden pang. He said, sorrowfully, "Whatever alteration there may be in me outwardly, pray believe that my heart has not changed, signora."

"I am sure it has not," said Rose, with some warmth, "nor has mine, I assure you. I am very, very glad to see you back again ; only I must tell you, that you looked much better in your seminarist's dress. It is really true, then, that you do not mean to take orders ? What a pity !"

"Why a pity !" said Vincenzo ; "on the contrary, it ought to be a matter of thanksgiving for you, as well as for me, that I have discovered in time my want of vocation for the Church. Is it not ten thousand times better to be a good layman than a bad priest ?"

"Well, I don't know—I suppose so," said Rose, far from convinced. "We'll ask Don Natale. Ah ! now you must explain the last part of your letter to me. I could not make it out."

"You remind me," said Vincenzo, drawing forth the purse, and taking it out of the paper in which it had been carefully wrapped, "that I have a restitution to make. Here is your purse."

"Why do you give it me back ? Won't you keep it ?"

"Keep it !" exclaimed Vincenzo ; "only too gladly, if you tell me I may do so. As it was, having failed in the pledge I gave you, that I would force Del Palmetto to give it up, I did not feel entitled to keep it."

"I confess I don't see where you have failed," replied Rose ; "however, as your conscience is so tender, I make you a present of it anew. And now, please to explain this mysterious phrase ;" and the young lady took from her apron-pocket Vincenzo's letter.

A flush of pleasure diffused itself over Vincenzo's pale cheeks. The fact that she had carried his letter about her, and the inference he drew from it, passed, as it were, a sponge over the little disagreeables that had clouded their meeting.

"This is the sentence that puzzled me and papa too," said Rose, pointing to it with her finger.

"You showed my letter, then, to the Signor Avvocato ?" asked Vincenzo, blushing again.

"Of course I did ;" and Rose read aloud the enigmatical passage :—*Should I never see you again, I feel sure that your kind heart will not disapprove of the way I shall have disposed of it,* "meaning the purse, you know," said the girl, interrupting herself ; then continuing with emphasis, *that is, should the knowledge ever reach you.* "Now, what does all that mean ?"

"It means this," said Vincenzo, giving her the little memorandum he had made upon the paper enveloping the purse, and which ran thus :—"May 27, 1848. —Should I fall in battle, I, the undersigned, beg, as a last favour of those who may find my body, to bury with it the inclosed purse.—Vincenzo Candia."

Rose changed colour and said, slowly and gravely, "I understand now. And so," resumed she, after a pause, looking up at him, "you deliberately intended to expose your life, without heeding for one moment the anxiety you would cause papa and me."

"How do you know I did not think of that ?"

"If you had," retorted Rose, "you

would not have had the heart to inflict such pain."

"But," said Vincenzo, "if every one were to shrink from being a soldier, because of inflicting pain and anxiety on friends, who would there be to defend our country?"

"I am not speaking of regular soldiers, who are paid for fighting; there will always be plenty of them; but of those who volunteer as you did," said Rose. "Besides, this is not a war for defending our country, it is one of attack; Father Terenziano says so."

Father Terenziano, a Capuchin, renowned far and wide for sanctity, was Miss Rose's confessor.

"I beg your pardon," said the youth, warmly; "this is a war of defence and not of attack. We do not attack Austria on her own soil, do we? We defend our own land, our own countrymen, from her unjust sway. Suppose a band of brigands were to come and take possession by force of this palace, wouldn't you and your father be justified in trying to throw them out of the windows, and, if you could not manage it yourselves, in calling in your neighbours to help you to recover possession of your own property? This is just what the Lombards have done: they have driven the foreign invader out of their towns and villages, and have called on us, their neighbours and brethren, to lend a hand in driving them beyond the mountains; and we are striving to do so at this very moment. Austrians are our born foes; they have been the plague of Italy for ages."

"I know nothing as to what Austrians have been to Italy," said Rose, in a tone of pique; "but this I know, they are Christians like ourselves. Father Terenziano says so, and Pio Nono said the same when they wanted to force him to declare war against Austria."

"I don't deny their being Christians, but how that gives them a right impiously to enslave and trample under foot other Christians, I am at a loss to understand," rejoined Vincenzo.

"Oh! for goodness sake let us have done with politics," exclaimed Rose.

"How I do loathe the very name!" and so saying she skipped out of the room.

Rose had but repeated, parrot-like, the two great arguments in vogue at that time, and by which the yet covert enemies of the new order of things sought to prejudice the popular mind against the war. The war was one of aggression, of ambition; and the Austrians, were they not Christians? Such were the mighty discoveries, which, issuing from vestries and still holier places, made their way to the cottage and the workshop, nay, to far less humble abodes, and influenced persons who ought to have known better.

Such education as Rose had had the benefit of, if we may dignify by that name the string of idle nursery tales and miraculous legends with which her young head was crammed, and the routine of external practices of devotion from which the spirit that vivifies was absent—such education, we say, as had fallen to Rose's lot, had prepared her to be a fit recipient for, and a ready believer in, any platitude, so long as it came from the quarter in which lay her earliest predilections. When yet a mere baby, Rose had been inoculated by her mother, a pious but narrow-minded woman, with a lively taste for the pomps and pageant-ries of the Roman Catholic Church; she had been taught to look on its ministers, and indeed on everybody and thing belonging to it, with a species of idolatry. Rose had thus from her earliest years learned to identify religion with priests and processions—her religion had in it more of the senses than of the spirit. To pray to God, she needed a church, and incense, and a priest. A forest, the sea, or an expanse of sky, would never have inspired her with a religious feeling. She had been sent to school to a convent of nuns of the *Sacro Cuore*; and there she had imbibed her first notions of right and wrong, received those strong impressions which bias the whole of after life. Even up to the present moment she still continued, when at Ibella, to frequent the sisters, to receive such instruction as they could or would impart. With what result we see. Rose,

at fourteen, was deeply imbued with the opinions and views, the likings and dislikings, of the religious circle in which she moved ; that is, with views, opinions, and prejudices diametrically opposed to those of her father and the times she was living in. The late political change in Piedmont was bringing this dissidence between father and daughter into strong relief.

The father, whose tongue was no longer tied by considerations of worldly prudence, tried to interfere and alter the obnoxious bent of her mind. It was too late. A condign punishment for his apathy and for years of time-serving complaisance ! The parental authority which he had for so long allowed to remain a dead letter, was forfeited ; it had passed into the hands of the nuns, the confessor, the priest. Not that Rose did not love her father ; she did, and very tenderly ; only she did not defer to his judgment. The Signor Avvocato gave up the struggle as hopeless, and consoled himself with saying, "After all, what does it matter whether she be a liberal or a little *codina* ; she is only a woman, and women are zeros in politics." A dictum which proves that, with all his liberalism, the Signor Avvocato was not "a man of his century."

Rose was sulky with Vincenzo all the rest of the forenoon, and would probably have remained in the same pleasant mood the whole day, had he not made the first advances, and sought her society. The child-like part of her disposition soon got the upper hand of her temper, and they were again as good friends as ever. The rain ceased, the sun shone out, and so they strolled about the grounds, and no mention, not even an allusion, passed the lips of either as to what had occurred between them in the morning.

CHAPTER XVI.

TENACEM PROPOSITUM.

NEXT day, after breakfast, Vincenzo went to pay Don Natale a visit. He had a double object in doing so—to discharge

a duty towards a superior and an old and tried friend, and also to show his deference to the recommendation given to him by Miss Rose the previous day. Don Natale listened to the lad's *meaculpa* and consequent outpourings with his usual indulgence and kindness, prescribed the daily recital of certain orisons to the Virgin, together with the daily perusal of the Gospels, and assured Vincenzo that if, in spite of prayer and holy studies, his alleged repugnance for the calling to which he had been destined continued unabated, he, Don Natale, for one, would not only discountenance anything like moral compulsion, but do his best to smooth the lad's path towards the attainment of what he stated to be his present wish.

Vincenzo, with a lightened heart, hastened to Miss Rose, and repeated to her, *verbatim*, the conversation he had had with her old favourite. Rose said it was well, thanked Vincenzo for having acted upon her advice, and expressed her confidence in the efficacy of the means counselled by Don Natale. After this she spoke no more on the vexed question ; nor was it alluded to by the Signor Avvocato, whose behaviour made good the promise held out by his kind reception of the truant.

The month of June was full of occupation and excitement for Rose. Three great holy-days—Whitsunday, the Holy Trinity, and Corpus Christi—all occurred within the space of less than a fortnight ; and on each of these solemnities Rose had many and important offices to perform, and a degree of activity to display corresponding to their number and importance. There was the adorning of the high altar, and the decking of the Image of our Lady to see to—duties which had devolved on Rose for half of her young life ; seemingly easy tasks to the uninitiated, but not to Rose, who knew better what an amount of time and nice discrimination was necessary to apportion to each occasion, according to its hierarchic rank, its appropriate degree of splendour, and no more ; its right number of tapers, and not one beyond—and so on. For instance, it is

evident, is it not, that the same array, the same necklace, which befitted our Lady on Whitsunday, could not, without a glaring anachronism, be suitable for Corpus Christi, or *vice versa*.

Then, there was the new banner of the Sisterhood of the young Guardians of the Holy Heart, sent for the occasion by the nuns of Ibella to the Prioress of the Sisterhood, no other than Miss Rose, to be garlanded with natural and artificial flowers—there was the new anthem to be learned by heart by herself, and taught to the other sisters, and rehearsed *sine fine*—and last, not least, there were to be got ready for the procession twelve white robes with twelve blue sashes, twelve white veils, and as many wreaths of orange-flowers. All these and other preparations, the detail of which we omit, required a good deal of time, and of both physical and mental exertion—for many were the knotty points which had to be cut or untied in the course of the arrangements. Vincenzo, who was not deficient in knowledge of questions connected with religious festivals, proved now a most useful auxiliary to Rose, who generally admitted him to the cabinet councils wherein such difficulties were debated.

Thus slipped blandly away the first fortnight of July. About that time it began to be whispered about that Vicenza had been retaken by the Austrians, and over the day-dreams of the Signor Avvocato there came a change. Vincenzo noticed with a qualm the knitted brows and absorbed look of his godfather, as he started for Ibella in quest of official information. It was, alas! too true that Vicenza had been recaptured. The Austrians had received reinforcements, and had assumed a threatening attitude. Flying rumours from the camp exaggerated the too well founded truth; told of the lamentable mismanagement of the commissariat, and painted our soldiers starving with plenty of food within their reach.

There was, in the sad intelligence, taken by itself, more than sufficient to revive all the former alarms of the Signor Avvocato; and even the dose of

comfort administered by the intendente, a clever and energetic man, failed to allay their poignancy. "My dear friend," said the scared mayor of Rumelli in answer to the intendente's remonstrances against desponding, "you forget that I have a private standing account to settle with the principal of the seminary, and which, under present circumstances, is not likely to be closed to my advantage. I would as soon have a pack of bloodhounds at my heels as that iron-faced Torquemada, with the bishop and chapter and all their confounded tail backing him. They'll set the whole parish against me; they will—you'll see they will."

"I advised you once already," said the intendente, "to make up your quarrel with the principal; and I tell you again, do so now while you are in time."

"Make it up, make it up," grumbled the Signor Avvocato; "it is easier said than done. How do I know he, for one, would make it up?"

"Trust the matter to me, will you?" said the functionary. "I am to see the bishop one of these days, on business; will you empower me to sign a treaty of peace on the following terms—withdrawal of your obnoxious letter to the principal, complete amnesty, and unconditional reintegration of your *protégé* to the seminary? Will that do?"

"Perfectly, as far as I am concerned," said the Signor Avvocato; "but the boy . . . there's the rub, for the stupid fellow will not go back to the establishment on any terms."

"If that be the case . . ." said the intendente, concluding the sentence with a shrug of the shoulders, and a projection of the lower lip, which intimated as clearly as any words, "then there's nothing to be done."

The Avvocato, who wanted to lash himself into a rage, went on: "And, after all I have done for him, this is the return he makes me—yes, against the express will of his father, that opinionated scrapegreece sets up his own whims. Everybody, it seems, must have his own way except me. With not a

penny in the world, I should like to know how he means to live ? Much as any thing like compulsion is repugnant to my feelings, I am not sure if . . . if I ought not in this case . . . to use for his good . . . some of the parental authority confided to me by his father."

The speaker's eager glance vainly endeavoured to screw out of the, for the time being, immovable features of his listener a cue to the solution of the doubt he had expressed. The intendente was far too conscientious and really liberal a man to give, by word or sign, the least support to the immolation of a poor orphan boy.

"You say nothing?" at last exclaimed the Signor Avvocato.

"My good friend, if I am to speak on this subject, it would not be to advise you to use the authority of which you are the depository, in order to compel a reluctant consent to what goes against the lad's feelings. Reason with him; admonish, persuade as much as you will; but no compulsion. On my side, I will sound the bishop, and ascertain from him on what terms the lad might be received back, should he be disposed to return; all this, of course, as from myself, and without any commission from you. So that, in case you fail to influence your *protégé*, you preserve all your liberty of action." The Signor Avvocato agreed willingly enough to this arrangement, it remaining understood between the two friends that not a word should be said to Vincenzo about the seminary, until after the intendente's interview with his grace.

Vincenzo had had a presentiment from the first that the loss of Vicenza would recoil upon him, and the embarrassment he detected in the looks and manner of the Signor Avvocato towards him after his visit to Ibella confirmed this presentiment. The boy could have wagered his head that the subject of his re-entering the seminary had been mooted between his godfather and the intendente; so his heart thumped like a steam-engine when the Signor Avvocato rose from table, after having expatiated all through the meal on the folly of a little

state waging war with a big one, and heartily complimented a certain set of unspecified gentlemen upon their cleverness in bestowing upon Piedmont the honour and the benefit of an Austrian occupation. It was generally on rising from his dinner, and withdrawing for his siesta, that the Signor Avvocato was wont to issue summonses to his study, and there deliver lectures or reprimands to such as required them. No summons came, however, and Vincenzo was thankful even for a respite; his heart told him it was only a respite—still it was a gaining of time, in which to gather courage and steel his resolution.

A week or more—ten days passed without bringing any outward or inner change; but he felt the sword of Damocles hanging over him. A messenger from the intendenza, with a letter for the Signor Avvocato, cut the thread to which it was suspended, and down it fell, on the eleventh day. The letter ran thus: "I was not able to see the personage of whom we spoke at our last meeting before yesterday. I hasten now to communicate the result of my overtures. A golden bridge is ready for you and your *protégé*—a visit to the principal from both of you, an expression of regret for what has passed, and everything will be forgotten. Should the lad be equally well disposed as those of whom I write, you had better avoid all delay. The sooner the better. Adieu." Acting upon this recommendation, and also upon the impulse natural to feeble natures, to get out of a state of suspense, the Signor Avvocato sent instantly to summon Vincenzo to his presence.

Vincenzo came as pale as ashes, trembling from hand to foot, but proof against anything, save an appeal to his heart. Lucky for him that his godfather had not the secret of this weak point in his armour, and thrust his lance instead against the well-tempered steel.

"Well, now," said the Signor Avvocato, speaking, contrary to his wont, with great volubility, and frowning with all his might; "well, now, you have had time, I hope, to make your reflections, sir?"

"Sir, I suppose you allude to my intention of relinquishing the career for which I was brought up?" was the subdued answer.

"Of course; what else could I mean?" replied the elderly gentleman, impatiently; "and, pray, what is the decision you have come to?"

"Pray, sir, bear with me for a little, and listen to what I have to say with patience," answered Vincenzo, joining his hands imploringly. "God is my witness, how unspeakably bitter is this trial; God is my witness, I would rather meet death a thousand times..." Vincenzo's eyes were fast filling with tears.

"Fine phrases and tears are not what I want—as I once warned you, 'Deeds not words,' is my motto. Speak plainly—will you return to the seminary or not?"

The harsh words and the scornful tone in which they were uttered sent back the tears, and arrested, in the very nick of time, the dangerous current of sensibility which was carrying away the lad. He resumed, composedly, "I begged of you to bear with me, and listen to me for a while, with your usual indulgence..."

"Will you return to the seminary—yes or no? answer my question," urged the Signor Avvocato.

"You are a great and highly-respected gentleman, and I the son of a poor peasant, a mere cypher in the world; and yet we shall be judged one day, and stand in need of indulgence at the same tribunal..."

"I ask for a straightforward answer, and not for a sermon," interrupted the Signor Avvocato, who was desirous of checking the softness which he felt beginning to gain ground upon him at this appeal.

"In the name of all that is holy—in the name of the dead you loved—in the name of your daughter," burst forth Vincenzo, falling on his knees, and beating his head against the ground, "do hear me, do hear me, for a moment." The Signor Avvocato rose, paced up and down the room, and said,

sitting down again, "Get up, and say what you have to say. I am listening."

Vincenzo got up, wiped the tears from his eyes, and spoke as follows: "You are my benefactor, you are like a father to me; you are the being whom, after God, I most reverence and love; whom I would least of all offend or disappoint. Judge, then, what must be the violence of the feelings by which I am actuated, and which prompt me to resist your will, and encounter your displeasure. There is no sacrifice I would not make to you in return for your kindness; no sacrifice, save this one, which is, in truth, beyond my strength—one which involves not only the misery of all my life, but puts in jeopardy my eternal salvation; for, how am I to meet responsibilities, and discharge duties, from which I shrink? Indeed, indeed, it is not my fault that I feel thus; if what has been to this day but a want of vocation has grown of late into an invincible aversion. It is not of my seeking; it came all of itself. I strove against it, I did indeed; I have prayed to God, humbly and fervently, to help me in my need, to enlighten my blindness, to reconcile me to a lot which I know was your wish. God has judged fit not to grant my prayer—is not that a clear sign that it is not His will that I should enter the sanctuary?"

Vincenzo's simple eloquence, and the passionate earnestness of all his being, as he pleaded his cause, worked their way to the heart of the Signor Avvocato, which was not of stone, as we know; and, had it not been for that ill-omened letter, the chances are that he would have struck his colours unconditionally, and sent seminary and all the rest to a certain place unnameable to ears polite. As it was, he shrank from tying his own hands so as to prevent any future resumption of the offensive, and manoeuvred to leave the question open by saying—

"Now that I have listened to you, you in your turn listen to me. It is not my intention to force your inclinations; but I warn you plainly and dis-

tinctly of this—henceforth you will have no one but yourself to depend upon for getting a living. What it has suited me to do for you up to the present period, in the view of your taking orders and living honourably by your calling, it does not suit me any longer to do, now that the hopes I cherished for you are frustrated by your obstinacy. Forewarned is forearmed ; take time to consider of what I say, and—”

“No, thank you,” cried Vincenzo, hastening to burn his ships. “I cannot accept time to consider that which I have already made up my mind to do. I earnestly wish that there should be entire plain dealing between us.”

“Very well,” said the Signor Avvocato, piqued to the quick ; “shift for yourself, then.”

“I shall work for my daily bread,” said Vincenzo.

“Soon said,” retorted the Signor Avvocato. “What is there that you can do ?”

“What my father did before me,” was the repartee. “I have two hands as he had, and I can manage a hoe.”

“Welcome to do so. You will find it heavier than a breviary. I wish you all success. Farewell.”

Vincenzo stooped to kiss his godfather’s plump hand, and left the room. Need we say that the Signor Avvocato did not mean a single word of the threat to leave his godson to his unaided exertions ?

Vincenzo did not make his appearance at dinner. The cook explained confidentially to Miss Rose, that Vincenzo had come into the kitchen for a morsel of bread, which he had taken away with him, and had told her not to put a knife and fork for him any more at table. The Signor Avvocato took no notice of his godson’s absence, except to say, when asked by his daughter whether he had sent Vincenzo on any errand, that he had given him no orders, and had none to give him. Vincenzo was his own master.

“But where can he have gone ?” insisted Rose.

“Who can tell ? Perhaps to join

his colonel,” said her father. “Can’t you eat your dinner without him ?”

Rose had no choice but to do so, and a poor affair she made of it. As soon as dinner was over, she filled her pockets with cake, and went out in quest of her missing friend. He was at none of their usual haunts. Barnaby, whom she met and questioned, had not seen him, and her heart began to misgive her that he had again left the palace. When Barnaby was made aware of Vincenzo’s absence at dinner, he roundly declared that he should not wonder if the lad had drowned himself in one of the fishponds. If he had not done it to-day, well, he would do it to-morrow, and somebody would be served right. The old gardener had been made the confidant of Vincenzo’s late doubts and fears, and at sight of a messenger from the Intendenza, had anticipated a cataclysm.

He joined Miss Rose in her search, and at last, in a far-away field, they found the lost sheep. He was with five or six labourers, knee-deep in the earth, without a coat, his shirt-sleeves rolled up, using a hoe with all his might. “What are you doing ?” exclaimed Rose. “Why did you not come to dinner ?”

“I am serving my apprenticeship to the calling of my father, that of a field labourer,” replied the lad, good-humouredly ; “and labourers do not sit down to table with gentlefolks.”

“That is all downright nonsense,” said Rose ; “you will never be able to dig properly ; you are not strong enough ; it will kill you.”

“See yourself if I can’t manage a hoe as well as my neighbours,” said Vincenzo, letting fall a vigorous succession of strokes ; “it is not such hard work as it seems ; I feel I have the power in me ; practice is all I want.”

Here Barnaby made a dash at Vincenzo, hugged him, kissed him, and roared, “Bravo, my lad, I honour and respect thee ; I am proud of thee. Stick to thy father’s employment ; it is an honourable one ; far more so than mumbling nonsense in Latin, and fattening on other people’s sweat.”

Mingled were the Signor Avvocato's feelings when Rose brought him word of Vincenzo's new occupation—a combination of regret at having driven him to such, of shame at the construction people would put on it with reference to himself, and of sincere admiration of the lad's pluck. All of this, of course, he kept to himself, only choosing to say carelessly, "Very well, let him—the boy has been so lazy of late that a little bodily exertion will do him good ; it won't last long ; you know the saying about a fire of straw."

"Still," insisted Rose, "it looks so very odd, so unbecoming, that your godson, one who but yesterday wore a priest's gown, should be digging the ground and herding with labourers, without your interfering."

"Bless me ! to hear you, one would imagine the lad had come out of Jupiter's thigh. Is it your pleasure that I should go and bring him back under a baldachin ?"

Day succeeded day, and the fire continued to burn, for all that it was of straw. Vincenzo, by break of day, was at the appointed place with his fellow-labourers, and dug away lustily and cheerfully, with only such intervals of rest as want of habit entailed on him, and during which he would relate tales to the others, or explain the why and wherefore of the war and its ultimate aim. His diet was that of his comrades, and nothing would induce him to accept of the dainties Rose daily brought him, unless he might distribute them among the men. At the end of a week he had grown the colour of a blackberry, and as thin as a grasshopper ; but he was hale and healthy, and in excellent spirits—a commodity, this last, which daily grew less and less among the inmates of the palace. Rose was out of sorts, particularly with her father ;

and so was Barnaby, who had cut his master entirely. As to the poor master himself, troubled at home and troubled abroad, he knew no longer what to wish. His situation with regard to his godson every day acquired more similarity with that of the boor, who had surprised the wizard's magic word for setting the bucket in motion, but knew not that whereby to stop it.

The fact of Vincenzo having become a day labourer was the talk of the whole village. The marquis had, with polite irony, complimented his neighbour on his new acquisition. Don Natale had called on purpose to ascertain the truth, and had remonstrated with the Signor Avvocato ; people came openly or by stealth to have a peep at Vincenzo with his hoe. Some of the ridicule, and much of the odium arising from the exhibition, could not but be reflected back upon the Signor Avvocato. It was urgent to put a stop to such a state of affairs.

One day—it was the eleventh since Vincenzo had taken to field labour—the Signor Avvocato went to the spot where his godson was working, and said, "It is high time that this farce should finish. Put down that hoe ; I forbid you henceforth to touch it."

Vincenzo instantly obeyed. In the afternoon, about dinner-time, Vincenzo waited for his godfather in the hall of the palace. "Is it your pleasure, sir, that I should dine at your table ?"

"I do not see the necessity," answered the Signor Avvocato, curtly ; "you can take you meals with Barnaby."

Barnaby, in virtue of an old privilege, did not eat with the other servants, but alone. Old Ugly-and-good had never been prevailed upon by his first master and friend, Signor Pietro, to dine with the family.

To be continued.

THE ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE.

THE IMITATIVE THEORY AND MR. MAX MÜLLER'S THEORY OF PHONETIC TYPES.

WITHOUT intending to underrate the merits of Professor Max Müller's recent and now well-known volume of "Lectures on Language," we yet venture to affirm that the most noteworthy thing about it is its form. The interest with which it will be read for its own sake, great as that is, is inferior to that which it may claim as commemorating an important stage in the history of the youngest of the sciences. That in the year 1860 a course of lectures was delivered within the walls of an institution formally devoted to science, on a study which before the present century would have been regarded merely as a branch of literature, will be a more significant fact for the future historian of science than that those lectures were heard and read with an admiration which they well deserved by the elegance and lucidity of style which is so seldom, as in this case, the vehicle of profound learning. Indeed we should be inclined to accuse Professor Müller of an exaggerated estimate of the importance of the aspect of this fact, of falling too much in one portion of his work into the tone of an advocate endeavouring to establish a good, but disputed title,—a title the soundness of which was admitted by the fact of being mentioned within the institution where the lectures were delivered. Perhaps in this respect our science suffers from the only very convenient name which is applied to it in England. *Philology* has, to some ears, a slightly unscientific association—a faint odour of that scholarship which is in a certain sense opposed to the impartial analysis alike of the rich and philosophic Greek or Sanscrit and the barbarous African languages, the very names of which would be unknown to our readers. Nevertheless, we think the Professor overrated our

English aversion to abstract speculation when he spent any time or trouble whatever on the vindication of his first postulate—that Linguistic, as the study is called on the Continent, or *Logology*, if the hideous word could be tolerated for the sake of the correct principles on which it is formed—is a true science.

In remarking on the graceful style of these Lectures as their principal characteristic, we have implied the conviction that they rather bring to a focus the light which has already been thrown on the subject, than add any original ray from the mind of the author. Perhaps, indeed, in a course of popular lectures this was not to be looked for; but we can hardly say that it was not attempted. Our readers will perceive that we are at issue with the Professor on the subject which we have named in connexion with his book; and it is, in fact, the illustration and proof of that hypothesis of the Origin of Language condemned by him, which forms the object of the following paper. Were we noticing a work of less celebrity, we should guard anxiously against the appearance of expressing any estimate of the book which we notice only in connexion with the subject inadequately treated in it. We should carefully explain that we were concentrating our attention on that small part of an admirable work which was written with the left hand. But the number of favourable reviews of the volume which have appeared, and the eagerness with which two editions have been read, render any carefulness of this kind superfluous; and we proceed to explain and illustrate that theory of the Origin of Language on which we join issue with our author.

The first natural prejudice which most thoughtful persons would bring with

them to any discussion on the Origin of Language, is that it must be inevitably fruitless. Language is much more than the garment of thought. We cannot conceive of the separation of the two, as we can of a man and his clothes. The word by which the philosophic Greek signifies reason or speech—a word sanctified to us by its connexion with the deepest mystery of our faith—appears not to belong to either more exclusively. “When we can separate light and illumination, life and motion, the concave and convex of a curve,” says the writer from whom we have taken the above illustration, “then will it be possible for thought to tread speech underfoot, and do without it.” To speculate, therefore, on the origin of speech may appear as fantastic an effort of abstraction, as an endeavour to reason out on *à priori* grounds the condition of the inhabitants of a distant planet. Yet a little reflection is sufficient to show that hypotheses on the Origin of Language rest on precisely the same basis as any other theory in physical sciences—on observations upon accomplished facts, and reasoning from effects to causes. Geology affords an exact parallel; it deals with a series of events which began from the first moment of creation. The state of the world then was scarcely more removed from any conceptions of ours, than that of the human race at the Origin of Language; but, as we do not begin by abstracting all conditions of the present, and reasoning deductively from the residuum, but by observing those effects which are working now, and tracing that chain of cause and effect of which they form one link as far backwards as we can, there is nothing fanciful in geology. To say that this is the right method with the science of language, however, is to a certain extent begging the question, as it is exactly on his neglect of it that our quarrel with the Professor is grounded. We have seen, however, that no one can contend more strenuously than he for the admission of Philology among the physical sciences; and we would urge upon the attention of those who ap-

proach the subject for the first time, that any hypothesis on the subject must rest less upon any positive evidence than upon that verisimilitude which is given by analogy with accepted truth.

A large part of the journey which lies before those who attempt to trace the stream of language to its fountain-head must be made in common, however different the goal they have placed before themselves. We have to resolve speech into its elements before we can enter on any hypothesis respecting the elements. The chief part of Professor Müller's work is occupied with this analysis—in tracing the successive steps by which such a word as *donation*, for example, is first derived from the Latin *donum*, a gift, and ultimately from a root or simple syllable *da*, signifying give. In this way it has been found possible to reduce the endless variety of language comprised in the speech of the Aryan or Indo-European group of nations—in other words, of the dominant race of the world—into four or five hundred elementary syllables. Now, all we have to account for is the existence of these roots. How we get from *donation* to *da* is clear enough; but how do we get from *da* to the act it signifies? Is the word a mere accidental label stuck on to the thing? Or is there any inherent connexion between sounds and things? That is the first question; on which, however, we need not pause, as our issue with the Professor is not joined upon it. That there is nothing accidental in language is indeed the first assumption on which its admission among the physical sciences rests. Our issue with the Professor is exclusively upon the nature of the connexion between sounds and things.

We give his account of the matter in his own words, necessarily much compressed. He notices three theories, as he makes them—the last being his own. We, however, invert the order, and begin from that hypothesis which is peculiar to our author.

1. “The roots which remain as the constituent elements of language are *phonetic types*, produced by a power

"inherent in human nature. There is a "law which runs through nearly the whole of nature, that everything which is struck, rings. It was the same with man, the most highly organised of nature's works. Man, in his most primitive and perfect state, was not only endowed, like the brute, with the "power of expressing his sensations by "interjections, and his perceptions by "onomatopœia. He possessed likewise "the faculty of giving more articulate "expression to the rational conceptions "of his own mind."

It may be thought that the vagueness of the foregoing paragraph is due to our omissions. We can only assert that we have included every expression which has helped us to the author's meaning; but it is so little definite to our minds, that it is possible the needful compression may have excluded some significant touch. However, our purpose being rather to prove what he denies than to deny what he asserts, we can afford to leave this point undecided, and pass on to those two hypotheses which the above extract notices in speaking of man's power of expressing his sensations by interjections, and his perceptions by onomatopœia, and which we should regard as the two sides of one hypothesis, according as it regards two classes of objects.

2. "His perceptions by onomatopœia."
—"It is supposed," he says, "that man, "being yet mute, heard the voices of "birds and dogs and cows, the thunder "of the clouds, the roaring of the sea, "the rustling of the forest, the murmurs "of the brook, and the whisper of the "breeze. He tried to imitate those "sounds, and, finding his mimicking "cries useful, he followed up the idea, "and elaborated language."

This is his account of the theory which is generally known by the awkward and lumbering name of onomatopœia; which he entitles the "bow-wow theory," and which we should best exemplify to the reader by supposing that all language was formed on the type of the word *cuckoo*.

3. "His sensations by interjections."

—"Why should man be supposed," say the supporters of this theory, "to have "taken a lesson from birds and beasts? "Does he not utter cries himself, according as he is affected by fear, pain, or "joy? These cries were represented as "the natural beginnings of human speech "—everything was supposed to be elaborated after their model."

This theory is not so easy to exemplify as the former; but the Spanish *arriero*, a mule-driver, formed from the cry *arri*, used in urging on his mule, would give an instance of the formation of language on the interjectional or "pooh-pooh" theory.

Now, these two theories appear to us no more than the representation of the same formative power working on a different material. A man cries *arri*, and we call him an *arriero*; a bird cries *cuckoo*, and we call it a cuckoo. Where is the difference in the two cases? Those sounds which are to the man what *bow-wow* is to the dog, *are* interjections; and those who trace language to the imitation of natural sounds are not divided into two classes, because one division of sound expresses human emotion. We shall, therefore, drop all notice of this division, and speak of that view of the origin of language which our author rejects, as the imitative theory.

Now the first obvious thing to be said for it is, that this is the course which would be adopted at the present day by any one who had to invent some means of communication. Put our Professor among a people of whose language he is ignorant, and his attempts at intercourse would be made without the very faintest reference to the phonetic types, and would provide us with an excellent illustration of the bow-wow theory. This he admits, in quoting the story of the Englishman in China, who condenses the question to his servant—"Is this duck on my plate?"—into the syllables, "quack-quack?" while the Chinaman makes himself perfectly intelligible by the answer "Bow-wow." He would probably reply that two men who have to invent speech, having their thoughts disciplined by speech, are not in the

position of the originators of language. We should agree with him that it is not possible for us to put ourselves exactly into their position; all we would establish is that, just so far as we approach it, the principle brought into play is that for which we are contending.

The word *onomatopœia*—which means simply name-making—is the relic of that theory which regards speech, not as potentially contained *within* the constitution of man, but miraculously added to it. Those who hold this theory could not but observe in such words as hiss, bang, whirr, coo, a harmony between the sound and sense; which, being regarded as an exceptional element in language, was enough to constitute a division by itself, and was supposed to be *made*, in contradistinction to the body of true language, which was ascribed to some more mysterious principle. Quintilian seems to have regarded this harmony as an especial privilege of the Greek language; of which it certainly appears to us a strong characteristic. He quotes the expressions from Homer, tolerably represented in sound, as well as in sense, by the words, “the bow *twanged*”—“the eye” (of the Cyclops, when the glowing stake was plunged into it) “*hissed*”—as exemplifying a power of which he regretted the absence in his own language. Those who are acquainted with the Cratylus of Plato will remember how little this power of the Greek language was appreciated by the man who has made it the vehicle of most imperishable thought. In that first discussion on the origin of language which has been preserved for us, the result is an unqualified rejection, at least in words, of the principle for which we are contending. We wish we had space for an analysis of the dialogue, as we conceive that the phonetic types of Professor Müller exactly fit into the groove of the Socratic origin of language. But what we would now remark is, that Socrates is so little alive to the true force of *onomatopœia* that he instances an undoubtedly imitative word as an example of the error of the

theory which makes imitation the basis of language. “Can we admit,” he asks, “that those who imitate the baaing of ‘the sheep name the animal?’—and the emphatic denial of Hermogenes is evidently considered as the only possible reply—while to any one who recalls the baaing of the sheep in connexion with the Greek *mehlon*, the name becomes almost as imitative as cuckoo. Burns’s elegy on the death of poor *Mailly* recalls to us the same attempt at imitation in the lowland Scotch—a similarity which certainly cannot be accounted for on any hypothesis of derivation. Those who have not considered the subject would find it difficult to believe how soon an intention of this kind becomes disguised. *Cow* is an instance in point—it does not in its present form recall the sound of the animal. In the German form *Kuh*, however, we are reminded of our nursery, while we perceive at once the identity of our own word with the Sanskrit *gao*, and the connexion of this latter with the synonymous Icelandic *gauli*, which is allied with *gaula* or *baula*, to bellow, a word obviously imitative. If those links, each so unquestionably sound, bring us from a word in which we listen in vain for any tinge of imitation to an imitative root, we think that the transition between any possible instances of the two, ought, in the long ages during which language has been subject to growth and decay, to be no difficulty to any one. The same is true of the word *turtle*; which in its English form retains no sensible resemblance to the cooing of a dove, but in the guise of the Latin *turtur* recalls that sound at once. Here the English form contains a faint suggestion of its original meaning, which may escape our attention unless we connect it with an allied form where it is more apparent. This is also true of English *hog*, which Professor Müller denies to resemble grunting, though he would not, we presume, deny its connexion with the Breton *hoch*, to grunt.

The foregoing etymologies are merely a sample of those we should present as an answer to the natural objection that in the names of animals, where we

should most look for the imitative principle, we can find so little evidence of it. At first sight this is true; but we have seen that it needs but little examination to find, in the names for the sheep, cow, turtle, and hog, the very same principle which has named the cuckoo, which we took as the typical and undeniable instance of that for which we are contending. It is not in this class of words, however, that our theory will meet with most opposition. Animals do utter sounds; and their names might therefore become connected with them, while the body of language was yet derived from some different source. We can do no more in the small space which remains to us than point out one or two of the chief instances of the imitative principle working on a material for which it has less obvious affinity.

In the movements of water we arrive at those cases of onomatopœia in which the outline is, as it were, softened, away and which might be as fitly called representative as imitative. The confused sound of running water is represented by the repetition of some such sound as bar or mur. This becomes a type of all confused sound, and gives us *murmur*. *Barbarous* is formed on precisely the same principle, and, in its proper sense of unintelligible, carries us back to the period when the Greek tongue formed the casket which contained the civilization of the whole human race. How entirely adventitious is that tinge of aversion which with us has become the sole association of the word is recorded for us in the plaintive accents of Ovid, who laments that in his exile at Tomi he, the polished citizen, is a *barbarian* to all his neighbours; and in the announcement to one of the comedies of Plautus, taken from the Greek, that "Philemo wrote what "Plautus has adapted to the barbarian "tongue,"—i.e. Latin. Neither Plautus nor Ovid was aware of the suggestion of stammering which they were connecting with their verses; yet *balbus* and the French *balbutier*, to stammer, are evidently formed on the same plan. The

analogous use of this very word in our version of Isaiah xxviii. 11, where the context renders the literal meaning impossible, is an illustration of this connexion. Speaking generally, then, we might say that this class of words becomes typical of that feeling of contempt or aversion with which it is natural to regard any utterance that is incomprehensible to the hearer.

Another fertile source of onomatopœia is the sound used by and to children. That the words for father and mother in every language are an imitation of the simplest sounds that can be formed by the lips of a child has been often noticed, and we will not pause to exemplify the fact. If we connect these first articulate sounds with the person who utters them rather than the persons who call them forth, we obtain the word *babe*—a striking instance of the manner in which the same root may form the origin of words totally opposite in meaning. This definiteness of imitation would be a little shaded off in the words which take their rise in the sounds which are addressed to infants. These would consist of the softest articulations that could be made by the movement of the tongue alone: la la—na na. From the former we have to *lull*, to set to sleep, to quiet. Hence a lull is a temporary cessation of noise—a pause. From the latter we have in Greek, first *nana*, a lullaby; then *ninon*, and the Spanish *niño*, a child, clearly allied with our *ninny*, a simpleton, a person not stupid, but preserving the childish state beyond its fitting period. The Italian has *ninnare*, or *ninnellare*, to lull or rock a child; hence *ninnellare*, to waver, to doubt. The latter etymology gives us an excellent specimen of the manner in which an act totally unaccompanied by sound may be brought within the sphere of vocal representation. But we also perceive an essential harmony between all the impressions of sense. We can readily imagine the imitative *tinkle* passing into the French *étincelle* and the English *twinkle*—the sharp delicate impression on the ear recalling that upon the eye;

and then, with a loss of sharpness in the consonant, into *tingle*—a ringing sensation, as it were. We can easily see that certain vowels correspond to the idea of size—that there is an inherent fitness in the relative appropriation of the words *sup*, *top*, *cat*, *tramp*, to express something larger or weightier, and *sip*, *tip*, *kit*, *trip*, to express something less or lighter. This seems to have been the kind of harmony which Plato attempted to illustrate in the somewhat fanciful symbolism of the dialogue we have already quoted. In considering *r* as expressive of violent movement, *d* of limitation, *n* of inwardness (we do not pretend to see the difference between the two ideas), *l* of gliding movement, and so forth, he is not setting up, as he evidently supposed, any antagonistic principle to that of imitation. He is merely showing the application of that principle where it is impossible it should work directly. The etymology of a thinker who knows no language but his own can never be worth much; but, as a specimen of the kind of analogy which exists between the impressions of the eye and ear—an analogy which to the dulled senses of a mature and weary race can only be discernible here and there, like the half-obliterated writing on a palimpsest—we should not desire a better. That language should represent what addresses itself to the eye is no alternative to the statement that it imitates what addresses itself to the ear. "Is not the delight of the quavering "upon a stop in music the same with the "playing of light upon the water?" asks Bacon after a number of similar instances. "Neither are these only similitudes, as men of narrow observation "may conceive them to be, but the "same steps of nature, printing upon "different subjects or matters." That *written* language was originally representative is no matter of question. The alphabet is not a collection of algebraic symbols, but the relic of an attempt at pictorial representation, the intention of which is in most cases long since lost. Here and there we can trace the original symbolism. In the letter N,

for instance, we may recognise the three last strokes of the zigzag lines representing water, with which we are familiar as the sign of Aquarius \equiv , and which is found in Egyptian hieroglyphics with the force of the letter N. Here we can decipher the faint hint of resemblance when we know the model; but certainly we could not invert the process, and discover the thing signified from the sign. Now this is the problem set before those who endeavour to discover the imitative roots of language. They have to decipher the most weather-worn records of the human race—records subject to such influences as those which have brought Tooley Street out of St. Olave Street, Jour out of Dies, and offspring so unlike each other as Bishop and Evêque from the same immediate parent. If we consider the length of time during which these obliterating influences have been at work upon language, we shall be surprised, not at the wide lacunæ in the chain of evidence which we extract from our witnesses, but that the faint and hesitating accents in which they necessarily speak can afford us any sound link whatever.

On any hypothesis of the origin of language, we must expect to find it difficult always, generally impossible, to trace a word to the sensible image which supplied the original type of its meaning. Our thoughts are strung together by so subtle a thread that we might as well endeavour to calculate the path by which a grain of thistle-down is wafted from its parent stem as to indicate *à priori* the line of metaphor by which a word must have come to its actual signification. Who, for instance, from the two terms of the etymology *St. Ethelreda* and *tawdry*, could work out the intervening series? Yet the links are by no means numerous, and each, we believe, is unquestionably sound. *St. Ethelreda* gives us *St. Awdry*, who gives her name to a fair at which laces and other trifling finery would be sold,—whence *tawdry* lace leaves us the present signification of the word. We have given a similar instance in *ninnellare*. *Fanciful* is not a word

that must be used with any depreciatory intention on this subject; for the very nature of association in the human mind, to which etymology is due, is essentially fanciful. Nor does the science of language assume a more fanciful character when it attempts to connect visible objects and sound, than when it connects the wide diversity of language with the visible objects from which, on any theory, it took its rise at first.

Our science occupies, at this day, the position of geology forty years ago. Those among us who can look so far back may remember the smile of derision with which we heard that Scrope and Lyell were accounting for the formation of continents and elevation of mountains by the mere continuance of those agencies which we see working at the present day in the crumbling of our sea-cliffs, the sediment of our rivers, and such trifling oscillations as are recorded for us in the well-known instance of the Temple of Serapis, on the Italian coast. The influence of agencies such as these seemed to the geologists of a past generation to occupy as insignificant a place in the mechanism of their science as is taken, in the estimation of Professor Müller, by the imitative principle in the origination of language. Yet barely forty years have sufficed to consign the machinery of "cataclysms" to the limbo of epicyles in astronomy, and to show us, in the tools which the patient architect uses to *alter* the edifice we inhabit, the very same by which it was *erected*. Nature knows no bursts of fitful vehemence followed by intervals of inaction. The laws which preserve are separated by no generic interval from those which produce. Nor had the young race powers different in kind from those it possesses now. The eye

or the ear of a Londoner is hardly the same instrument, it is true, as that of a North American Indian, and this difference shrinks into insignificance when compared with that which removes us, probably, from the keen and delicate senses of our first parents; but the interval is one of degree alone, and the few words of the manuscript yet discernible to our eyes are our only guides in the endeavour to restore that which has faded. That portion of the vast growth of language which can be traced to a directly mimetic root may remain a small fraction of the whole; but, if it be the only portion whose structure is intelligible to us, we shall readily believe that the working of this principle is limited by our ignorance, and not by its own nature. The progress of all science consists in the destruction of these phantasmal limitations which, like the circle of the visible horizon, we project upon the outward world. "Celestial motion is perfect and continues for ever; terrestrial is corrupt and soon comes to an end," was the dogma of the early astronomers; but the child of to-day has learnt to bridge that barrier with the conception of one force, equally present in the movement of worlds which would contain our system and the separation of the withered leaf from its stem. Geology has taught us to destroy a similar barrier in Time, and to see in every shower of rain a specimen of the forces to which the present state of our globe is owing. The study of language, we doubt not, is destined to achieve an analogous triumph over the weakness of our imagination, teaching us, in the imperfect accents of the child or the savage, to recognise the working of that principle which has perfected for us the instrument of thought.

GLAUCUS.

THE ECHO OF WAVES.

GLAUCUS was sitting lone on the shore,
 Down by the deep blue wave,
 Humming an old tune o'er and o'er,
 While softly whispered the wave—
 Where the beach sloped back to a cave,
 Which caught up the tune, as he did croon,
 And a murmurous echo gave,
 Like the distant splash of the wave,
 That goes sighing for evermore!

He cast his line out into the blue
 Jewel-deeps of the wave,
 And watched the fishes dart through and through
 Those tresses of weed in the wave
 That sway, as the waters lave
 The shore, and glance in their swift advance,
 Or rill down the rocks, which pave
 The glimmering path of the wave,
 And glisten with foamy dew!

But each fish, as he caught it, tasted a plant
 That was growing there by the wave,
 And leaped with fresh vigour back to its haunt,
 In the wine-dark deeps of the wave.
 Such powers that wilding gave,
 The fisher-youth could but marvel in truth,
 At that herb, so strong to save,
 And give back his prey to the wave:—
 So runneth the old romaunt.

Then Glaucus, sitting lone on the shore,
 Plucked of that weed by the wave;
 And a longing seized him, the heart to explore
 Of the mystical restless wave,
 And so did that yearning crave
 A sea-god's home, down under the foam,
 In a hollow water-cave,
 That he plunged, down—down in the wave,
 And forsook earth evermore!

So I, as I sit here, far from the sea,
 Long for the voice of the wave:
 So rises the longing, "That I might be
 In sight and sound of the wave!"
 Ah where, in what twilight cave,
 Where the murmurous tide in echoes died,
 Did I gather the herb that gave
 The insatiable love of the wave,
 Which for ever is haunting me?

THOMAS HOOD.

THE WASHINGTON CABINET AND THE AMERICAN SECRETARYSHIP OF STATE.

BY JOSEPH LEMUEL CHESTER.

STRICTLY speaking, a Ministerial Cabinet, or Privy Council, is not recognised either by the Constitution or any of the legislative enactments of the United States. As a body it has no official name, possesses no rights, and, consequently, exerts no direct legitimate power. Its common appellation is really derived from the simple fact that its sessions are usually, perhaps invariably, held in the apartment of the executive mansion known as the President's private *cabinet*, rather than adopted in imitation of its application to similar bodies in other countries. Its members are, indeed, the heads of the various governmental departments, as established by Acts of Congress; but, although each possesses almost unlimited authority when acting in his separate official capacity, their combination is merely a political fiction.¹

As the natural advisers of the chief executive—from the fact that they are, or should be, thoroughly familiar with the business details of the departments under their respective superintendence—it has been customary, from the time of Washington, for the various Presidents to seek from them such information respecting the national affairs as might, for any purpose, be requisite, and also to consult with them in reference to the various questions of State policy as they arise. These consultations have, in later times, assumed, perhaps, a more important character,

and, in many instances, propositions have doubtless been formally decided upon according to the opinions and advice of a majority. Still, the expression of their opinions is advisory only, and the President accepts or rejects their suggestions and conclusions according to his own convictions or caprice. His will is, after all, supreme, and he defies the whole body with impunity. If they are displeased at such defiance, they may retaliate, if they choose, by resignation—a course, however, seldom resorted to, as the honours and emoluments of their offices usually outweigh all other considerations, while they would fail to inflict upon the object of their displeasure even a momentary pang of regret, and he would readily supply their places from the overcrowded ranks of greedy aspirants.

Usually owing their positions to the personal friendship of the President—although sometimes to the requirements of party policy—it is natural that they should generally aim at ascertaining and sympathising with his views on all subjects upon which they are consulted, and it is rarely that any serious difficulty occurs at the Cabinet meetings. Opposition is, of course, sometimes manifested, and occasionally even obstinacy; but in such cases, when persisted in, the recusant has usually some private purpose of his own to effect, which he imagines may be aided by assuming such an attitude. On the other hand, history is not without instances where the President himself has adopted the offensive, and relieved his obnoxious ministers from the responsibilities of their positions, by a courteous request—equivalent to a peremptory demand—that they should resign the seals of office and give place to more flexible

¹ The British Cabinet is also a body having no recognised legal standing, and keeping, we believe, no minutes. The *Privy Council* is a formally recognised body; the *Ministry*, also, as consisting of the Heads of Departments, may be said to have a recognised existence; but the *Cabinet* is merely a self-arranged junto of the leading ministers and others, meeting from time to time.—*Ed.*

successors. Scandal relates—perhaps not without some tangible basis for its assertions—that one of the Presidents once thus discharged the majority of his Cabinet, for the sole reason, as alleged, that they would not compel the ladies of their families to associate with the wife of his favourite minister, whose cause he had somewhat quixotically espoused, in spite of her being generally *tabooed*.

The members of the Cabinet, or, rather, the Heads of Departments, the most of whom are officially known as Secretaries, are nominated by the President immediately after his inauguration, and usually confirmed at once by the Senate, which either sits a few days after the 4th of March, for this and other purposes, or acts upon the nominations at the commencement of its next session—the nominees in the meantime being invested with legal powers under the Presidential appointment. It is very seldom that the Senate questions the propriety or policy of the Executive selection—whichever party chances to be dominant in that body yielding its preferences as an act of courtesy; and the unfitness of a nominee must be notorious and unquestionable, or party spirit must run very high, before such a violation of partisan comity would be likely to occur.

The Secretaries receive an annual salary, uniform in amount, which has been for some years fixed at about 1,666*l*. This salary is, however, of trifling consideration when compared with the honour of the position, and especially the vast patronage that accrues to the incumbent; in the distribution of which, if he necessarily makes some enemies, he is at least enabled to reward his old personal and partisan friends, as well as to attach new ones to his individual interests.

Most of the Departments, as at present constituted, were established immediately after the adoption of the Constitution; while others have a more modern origin, having been formed in consequence of the increasing business of the nation, and, in fact, from others that had become over-

burdened with multifarious and complicated labour. For several Administrations, the Cabinet comprised only the Secretaries of State, the Treasury, War, and the Navy, and the Attorney-General. President Jackson was the first to summon the Postmaster-General to this high dignity; and, when the Department of the Interior was created, only a few years ago, its Secretary was also admitted to its Councils. The Cabinet, therefore, now embraces five Secretaries, the Postmaster-General, and the Attorney-General—neither one of whom takes formal precedence of the others; the idea of a Premier not being tolerated among these dignitaries.

It is true, however, that the Secretary of State, by a very natural, and, indeed, inevitable process, has come to be regarded something in the light of a Prime Minister, and really assumes and exercises, to a great extent, the functions of that European official. But there is, as will be presently seen, a wide difference between the real Prime Minister of England and the nominal one in the United States. The former is the actual head, not only of the Cabinet, but of the Government itself; while the latter is merely one of the members by courtesy of a consulting body, of which the President, who alone possesses any positive power, is the Chief. The moral influence, however, of the Cabinet upon the conduct of any Administration is publicly felt to be so great that it is invariably held responsible for all executive acts. It may, in short, be regarded as the Government *de facto*, though not *de jure*.

It may seem strange that the Vice-President, occupying, as he does, a position apparently of such vast importance, is not admitted to the Cabinet Councils of the Administration of which he is a member. Such, however, is, and always has been, the case. The man who, by the accident of a day, may find himself suddenly invested with the supreme power of the nation, unless such accident occurs, is really the weakest and most unimportant among all his official col-

leagues. He occupies, indeed, a high and honourable post as President of the Senate, for which he receives a salary of 1,666*l.* per annum; but little or no patronage is connected with this office, and he cannot even vote in the body over which he presides, except when a ballot results in a tie. Even his presence is unnecessary; and, during illness or absence, he delegates his authority to some member of the Senate; or, if he dies, that body chooses a presiding officer from its own number. Beyond this, except that in Washington society he ranks next to the President, he possesses no powers or privileges whatever. His exclusion from the Cabinet is, perhaps, the result of a wise policy, or, at least, not an unnatural one. A Vice-President, virtuous and conscientious as he may be as a man, although he may not speculate upon the possible demise of one who alone stands between him and the object of his honest aspirations, might, without doing very great violence to the code of political morality, shape all his conduct with a view to the succession. As presiding officer of the Senate, and that only, he possesses little power, and has comparatively few opportunities for ordinary intrigue; but, as a member of the Presidential Cabinet, he might, if so disposed, prove a perpetual firebrand. It is to guard against such contingencies as these that, I suppose, the doors of the Cabinet Council are closed against the Vice-President; and I may safely add that, so far as my experience and observation reach, the usual personal attitude maintained by the two highest officers of the nation may be best described as one of "armed neutrality." President Jackson and Vice-President Calhoun quarrelled outright.

The statistics of the Cabinet are not without interest; and some of them possess a significant importance that will readily suggest itself to the reader.

Except in the two instances when the Presidents died in office shortly after their inauguration, there has been but one Administration the original Cabinet of which remained intact to its close. President Pierce retained the same Ministry

with which he started during the entire four years of his official career, and in this respect stands alone among American Presidents. John Quincy Adams ranks next—a single change only occurring during his Administration, when he was compelled to appoint a new Secretary of War, having selected the original incumbent to represent his Government at the Court of St. James.¹ On the other hand, General Jackson changed his Ministers so often that no less than twenty different persons occupied the six Cabinet chairs during his term of office. More or fewer changes have occurred under all the other Presidents—Washington having had fourteen different Ministers, John Adams twelve, Jefferson thirteen, Madison twelve, Monroe eleven, Van Buren ten, Tyler sixteen, Polk nine, Fillmore nine, and Buchanan eleven. Mr. Lincoln's cannot yet be counted. It is but fair to say that, in many instances, these changes were not the result of any difference between the Presidents and the members of their Cabinets—the retiring members still remaining connected with the respective Administrations, and accepting other important official positions at home, or in the diplomatic service abroad. In others, however, and particularly in that of Jackson, they must be unhesitatingly attributed to the fact that the Ministers refused to sacrifice their own convictions of what was right and proper, in certain

¹ It may be well to mention here a serious error of M. de Tocqueville, who stated, in his famous work on Democracy in America, that "Mr. Quincy Adams, on his entry into office, discharged the majority of the individuals who had been appointed by his predecessor." This assertion is entirely incorrect. Mr. Adams retained, throughout his term of office, no less than three of the six members of his predecessor's Cabinet, viz.:—the Secretary of War, the Postmaster-General, and the Attorney-General. As to the others, Mr. Adams himself had been Mr. Monroe's Secretary of State, and, therefore, was compelled to appoint a new one; while Mr. Monroe's Secretary of War, Mr. Calhoun, was Vice-President during Mr. Adams's Administration, and, consequently, his old office was vacant; and, lastly, Mr. Crawford, who had been Secretary of the Treasury under Mr. Monroe, although he had been Mr. Adams's competitor for the Presidency, was offered the same post, by his successful antagonist, but declined to accept it.

political emergencies, to the opinions and demands obstinately persisted in by their Executive superiors. The whole of Jackson's first Cabinet, with a single exception, having espoused the cause of Vice-President Calhoun, who had quarrelled with the President, were "permitted to resign," after little more than two years' service; and, in 1833, Mr. Duane, then Secretary of the Treasury, was summarily ejected from his office, by the same President, solely because he would not, in compliance with his peremptory dictation, remove the Government deposits from the old Bank of the United States. His successor, Mr. Taney, was made of more flexible materials, and was rewarded for his obedience, two or three years later, by his grateful Chief, who appointed him Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

It has been persistently averred, and is now, probably, universally believed, that, in the construction of the different Administrations or Executive Governments, the South (to use a sectional term) has always predominated over the North—in other words, that Southern men have always been in a majority in the various Presidential Cabinets, and have, therefore, been able to direct and control the policy of each succeeding Administration. I find, on a careful examination, that such is not the fact. The balance has been very equally preserved, and, if anything, has been rather in favour of the North.

The whole number of different actual incumbents of the various Cabinet offices, from the inauguration of Washington to the accession of Mr. Lincoln, has been one hundred and forty-three; of which seventy-one were from the Southern and seventy-two from the Northern States. In two of the departments the South has predominated over the North, and in two others the North over the South, while in the other three the Cabinet offices have been equally divided. To be more particular: Of the twenty-one different individuals who have occupied the post of Secretary of State during the time mentioned, thirteen have been Southern and eight Northern men; of

the twenty-three Secretaries of the Treasury, nine Southern and fourteen Northern; of the twenty-eight Secretaries of War, fourteen Southern and fourteen Northern; of the twenty-four Secretaries of the Navy, twelve Southern and twelve Northern; of the eighteen Postmasters-General, seven Southern and eleven Northern; of the twenty-five Attorneys-General, fourteen Southern and eleven Northern; and of the four Secretaries of the Interior, two Southern and two Northern.

The result is about the same, in whatever way the Cabinet statistics are dissected. Washington had fourteen different Ministers during his Administration, of whom six were from the South and eight from the North; John Adams had twelve, who were equally divided between the two sections; Jefferson had thirteen, six from the South and seven from the North; Madison twelve, equally divided; Monroe eleven, four from the South and seven from the North; John Quincy Adams seven, three from the South and four from the North; Jackson twenty, eleven from the South and nine from the North; Van Buren ten, four from the South and six from the North; Harrison six, equally divided; Tyler sixteen, nine from the South and seven from the North; Polk nine, four from the South and five from the North; Taylor seven, four from the South and three from the North; Fillmore nine, five from the South and four from the North; Pierce seven, three from the South and four from the North; and Buchanan eleven, six from the South and five from the North. In five of these Administrations, therefore, the South has predominated over the North, and in seven the North over the South, while in the other three the division was equal.¹

¹ The aggregate of these numbers is one hundred and sixty-four, instead of one hundred and forty-three, as stated in the preceding paragraph. The difference arises from the fact that, in the former statement, I counted only the *individuals* who had held Cabinet offices, some of whom retained their positions under more than one Administration. The general result, however, is very nearly the same, the division in the latter instance being—Southern, eighty; Northern, eighty-four.

Presuming that the policy of an Administration is indicated by the construction of its first Cabinet, the following results are attained :—The Cabinet offices under Presidents John Adams, Jefferson, John Quincy Adams, Van Buren, Harrison, and Tyler were equally divided between the North and the South ; under Washington and Pierce the North had majorities of one, and under Taylor, Fillmore, and Buchanan the South had similar majorities, under Madison and Monroe the North had majorities of two, and under Jackson and Polk the South had the same majorities. The balance in this case is apparently in favour of the South—Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet, the last in order, just turning the scale.

I leave any inferences from these facts and figures to be drawn by the reader himself. As to the probable answer to these singular statements—viz. that, in spite of their correctness, the South has always contrived to secure and exercise a superior influence in the councils and legislation of the nation—I do not know that I am called upon to express an opinion. I prefer to content myself with recording, I believe for the first time, the inevitable facts.

Technically speaking, there is no such thing as a "dissolution of the Ministry." The bond between the Executive and the Cabinet is a very slight one, and its maintenance depends mainly upon the caprice of either or both. The former may remove the latter at his pleasure, and they, in turn, may sever the connexion at will, singly or in a body. A Presidential intimation, courteously or coldly expressed, is usually sufficient to ensure a resignation. On the death of President Harrison, the precedent was established, without any particular formality, of affording the Vice-President, his successor, the opportunity of reorganizing the Cabinet, and the Government was virtually dissolved. In this instance, as well as on the death of President Taylor, the Presidents *ex-officio* retained for a short time the Cabinets of their predecessors, but managed eventually to oust every member, and supply

their places with their own personal friends or partisans.

In 1833, Mr. Clay made an attempt, in the Senate, to bring the Cabinet and its Councils under the *surveillance* and control of that body, which actually passed a resolution calling upon the President for the production of a certain paper alleged to have been read by him at one of the Cabinet meetings. General Jackson, however, promptly and rather indignantly refused to comply with the demand of the Senate, and read its members a characteristic lecture respecting his own rights and their duties. The matter was not pressed, and the inviolability of Cabinet proceedings has never since been questioned.

In social life at Washington, the members of the Cabinet take high, but not the highest rank. Generally, they need not recognise the presence in the city of any individual, however distinguished, until they have received a visit from him in person, which they may acknowledge either by card or otherwise. A Senator, however, on his arrival at Washington, may send his card to a Cabinet Minister, who is expected to pay him a personal visit in return. It is customary for each of these functionaries, in imitation of the President, to hold a public *levée* on New-Year's Day, and to give, at least, one grand *fête* during "the season." The attendance on the latter occasion is almost indiscriminate, invitations being sent to all persons, whether acquaintances or not, who choose previously to leave their cards at the Minister's private residence.

It might be expected that I should make some reference to the Administration and the Cabinet of the present President, Mr. Lincoln. I feel some delicacy in so doing, as that dignity and his Ministers have been placed in an anomalous and most difficult position, and could not be expected to have pursued exactly such a course as they would have done under more favourable circumstances. My object, also, is to avoid, as far as possible, all subjects of a purely personal character, and to deal

only with general facts. I may, however, compromise the matter in this instance, by simply quoting a description of Mr. Lincoln's relations with his Cabinet, and of the general conduct of his Administration, as written by one of his warmest partisans, and published in one of the first American journals of the day. The *New York Evening Post* (conducted by Mr. Bryant, the American poet) says:—

"We pretend to no State secrets, but we have been told, upon what we deem good authority, that no such thing as a combined, unitary, deliberate Administration exists; that the President's brave willingness to take all responsibility has quite neutralized the idea of a conjoint responsibility; and that orders of the highest importance are issued, and movements commanded, which Cabinet officers learn of as other people do, or, what is worse, which the Cabinet officers disapprove and protest against. Each Cabinet officer, again, controls his own department pretty much as he pleases, without consultation with the President or with his coadjutors, and often in the face of determinations which have been reached by the others."

For one, I am willing to accept this testimony, not only by reason of the source whence it emanates, but also because it appears to be fully confirmed by certain facts and occurrences that are open to the observation of the world. I may add that this revelation is only what might have been expected; for Mr. Lincoln has not only unnaturally grouped together in his Cabinet representatives from the different factions into which his own party is divided, among whom exists the most serious antagonism, but has actually admitted to its councils, as the Secretary of, at present, perhaps the most important Department, a well-known political opponent, who was actually a member of the preceding Administration, during the existence of which the great national outbreak was engendered, and permitted to thrive to full maturity.

With these general remarks upon the Cabinet as a whole, we will consider more particularly its principal constituent.

The Department of State was created, under the Constitution, by Act of Con-

gress, approved the 15th of September, 1789. Previously to that date it was denominated "The Department of Foreign Affairs," a title not then so strictly descriptive or appropriate as it would now be, as it had charge also of many matters purely domestic, from the management of which it has since been relieved by the creation of the Department of the Interior. Originally, its jurisdiction was equivalent to that assigned in England to the Foreign and Home Offices combined, and a portion of the functions of the latter it still continues to exercise.

The local habitation of this Department in the City of Washington by no means corresponds with its vast importance, ranking, as it undoubtedly does, as the chief of the sections into which the Government is divided. The building, which is of moderate size, is constructed of plain brick, without any attempt at architectural adornment, and is only two storeys in height. It occupies the north-east corner of President Square, in the centre of which stands the President's house, with which it has a direct communication by means of a private avenue.

This edifice is one of four, of uniform size and character, erected early in the history of the Capital, and situated at the respective corners of the Square—the three others being then assigned to the Departments of the Treasury, of War, and of the Navy. The ancient Treasury building has disappeared, and given place to one of more elegance and greater dimensions, while, for one of the bureaux originally subordinate to the State Department,¹ a structure almost palatial has been reared in another part of the city; and still this Department itself—the real right arm, or very brain, of the Government—modestly retains the simple shelter which the severe taste of the founders of the nation deemed most in accordance with the proposed character of the new Republic.

Internally, the building is well and conveniently enough arranged; but, even after the transfer of so much of the

¹ The Patent Office.

business of the Department to other bureaux, the want of ample space is greatly felt, and the basement and attic have been converted into offices, in order to retain, as far as possible, the various branches of the service under the same roof. The Secretary of State and his immediate staff, with the Library of the Department, occupy the second storey.

The ordinary officials attached to this department, according to the "Official Register" of 1861, comprise the Secretary of State, Assistant Secretary, Chief Clerk, Superintendent of Statistics, and twenty-one clerks, divided into four classes, besides two messengers and four watchmen. The annual salary of the Secretary is about 1666*l.*; that of the Assistant Secretary, 625*l.*; of the Chief Clerk, 458*l.*; of the Superintendent of Statistics, 416*l.*; of the clerks, from 250*l.* to 375*l.*; and of the messengers and watchmen, from 125*l.* to about 187*l.* The aggregate of these salaries amounts to little more than 11,000*l.*, and this sum covers only what may be denominated "office salaries," other expenses of a contingent character reaching to an amount it would be difficult to determine without pursuing statistical researches to a disagreeable extent.

The chief province of the State Department, since it has been relieved from so many other duties formerly devolving upon it, consists in the management and control of all the intercourse of the General Government with foreign nations, whether through representatives sent to such nations or accredited from them.

On the 30th of September, 1861, according to the last biennial "Official Register," the Government of the United States was represented by no less than thirty-two Ambassadors, stationed at as many different foreign Courts. Of these, twelve ranked as Envoys Extraordinary and Ministers Plenipotentiary, eighteen as Ministers Resident, and two as Commissioners. The twelve Ministers with full powers were stationed at the respective Courts of England, France, Russia, Spain, Prussia, Austria, Italy,

China, Mexico, Brazil, Chili, and Peru; the Ministers Resident at those of Portugal, Belgium, The Hague, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, Switzerland, Rome, Turkey, Japan, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, New Granada, Venezuela, Ecuador, the Argentine Confederation, and Bolivia; and the Commissioners at those of Paraguay and the Hawaiian Islands. The annual salaries of the respective Envoys to England and France are fixed by law at about 3,645*l.*; of those to Russia, Spain, Prussia, Austria, China, Mexico, and Brazil, at 2,500*l.*; of those to Chili and Peru, at about 2,083*l.*; and of the Envoy to Italy, all the Ministers Resident, and the two Commissioners, at about 1,562*l.* To each of these Legations (except those at the Hawaiian Islands, Costa Rica, Honduras, and Paraguay) is attached a single secretary. Those at London and Paris only have also an assistant secretary. No other *attachés*, whether paid or unpaid, are permitted in any instance, but, on the contrary, are prohibited by law. The salaries of these secretaries are about 312*l.* and 375*l.* per annum, according to the grade of the Legation—those of two only (at London and Paris) rising to about 547*l.*; and two others—at Constantinople (where the secretary acts also as dragoman) and Pekin—to 625*l.* To the Japanese Mission is attached an interpreter, in lieu of a secretary, with about 521*l.*, and to the Chinese Embassy one with about 1,042*l.*

The whole number of United States' Consuls, Vice-Consuls, and Commercial Agents stationed in the countries already named, or their dominions, as well as at other points beyond the jurisdiction of any legation, was, at the date mentioned, two hundred and sixty-one. Of these, one hundred and forty-seven received fixed salaries, varying from about 104*l.* to about 1,562*l.*—being not only entitled to no perquisites in the nature of fees (the respective amounts of which must be reported and paid over to the General Government), but also prohibited from engaging in any other business during their terms of office. The other one hundred and fourteen

received for their services only the fees accruing from such business as might be transacted at their various offices, the average amount of which would probably not exceed 50%, or, at the most, 100% per annum. Besides these, five interpreters to legations and consulates, and seven marshals to consular courts, with salaries varying from about 200% to 1,000%, are officially recognised.

The relative rank and importance of the different countries thus diplomatically and commercially connected with the United States may be at once determined by the fact that, besides the envoy and two secretaries at London, no less than fifty of the consuls, or nearly one-fifth of the entire number, are distributed among the British dominions. Mexico ranks next, her share being twenty-two; then Spain, with nineteen; while France claims only fourteen, and the remainder are divided in still smaller proportions among the other nations of the globe. The aggregate amount of the annual salaries of all these officials at the English Court and throughout the British territories is but little more than 20,000%—to which should be added, probably, a similar sum to cover contingent expenses, the cost of the mail and messenger service, &c. The regular appropriation for the Consular and Diplomatic Service throughout the world, for the year ending the 30th of June, 1861, amounted to 241,329%, which may be considered a fair annual average in modern times.

Although all these officials are appointed directly by the President, "by" and with the advice and consent of "the Senate," once in office, they come immediately under the supervision and actual control of the State Department, or, more properly speaking, of the Secretary of State. All their correspondence is to and from him, and the mere mechanical labour of conducting this correspondence, on the part of the Secretary, can scarcely be computed, and could never be properly accomplished, except by a man of the most energetic and systematic habits. There are no Under-Secretaries to relieve their principal from considerable portions of this la-

bour, although the Assistant Secretary—an officer of modern creation—occupies a position somewhat analogous, and assumes the management of the department in case of the death, resignation, or absence of his chief.

The supervision of the Diplomatic and Consular Corps of the United States is by no means an easy or a gracious task. Were the incumbents of these various responsible offices abroad always men of education, skill, sound judgment, and practical (or even theoretical) knowledge of the world and its history, the case would be different. But, much as I regret to say it, in nothing else has that country, in modern times, so displayed its weakness, and the unsoundness of at least a portion of its governmental policy, as in its representation at foreign courts. Of the thirty-two Ambassadors, of various ranks, it is rarely that half-a-dozen could be found fitted, either by nature or by education, for the important positions into which they have been heedlessly thrust. I could readily enumerate a score, within my personal recollection, who have not even been endowed with the first and leading attribute of a legitimate *diplomat*,—viz., the power of holding one's tongue. I could also point to hundreds, ranking from Envoys to Consuls, thus entrusted with national business of the gravest importance, who not only have been unable to speak the language of the countries to which they were sent, but who knew no more of the laws, institutions, or even history of those countries than they did of those of the moon.

These lamentable, if not disgraceful, results have their origin in what are deemed the necessities of party; or, in other words, in the practical exemplification of the principle—dangerous, but seemingly inevitable in a democracy—that "to the victors belong the spoils." Acting upon this principle, each party in turn, on succeeding to the control of the Government, deems it to be its first and most imperative duty to oust summarily from their respective offices all incumbents who hold their commissions from its political antagonist and predecessor; and this sweeping policy

extends to and embraces all ranks and classes of Government officials—from the Envoy to a foreign court, to the lowest *attaché* in a country post-office, and the man who trims the lamps in a lighthouse. Indeed, the system prevails, to a great extent, at every change of the Administration, whether the political or partisan character of the Government changes or not; so that no United States' official has any reasonable certainty, and scarcely any reasonable hope, of retaining his position for more than four years—the period to which the life of an Administration is limited by law. Under these circumstances, it is needless to say that in the United States there is no national school of diplomacy, and no inducement presented to such persons as might otherwise be disposed to prepare and offer themselves as candidates for the Civil Service. Where, in his own conceit, and practically in that of the Government itself, one man is as good as another; and where the patronage of the Government is distributed, not according to the merit of individuals and their fitness for the posts to which they are assigned, but rather in response to the services they may have rendered to the President himself, or to the party that chances to be in power; it could hardly be expected that all the vast number of Government appointments should be conferred upon even competent men—and, really, the greatest wonder is that, small as this class generally proves, its number is not still smaller.

A few practical illustrations will serve to convey a better idea of the manner in which these appointments are sometimes made than I can present in any other way.

Given, a State, a City, a Ward, and a Precinct. The State is supposed to be able to turn the scale, at any general election, in favour of either of the rival candidates, and, in the political jargon in vogue, "as goes the City, so goes the State;" while the same rule holds good as to the influence of the Ward over the City, and of the Precinct over the Ward. The final results of the gene-

ral election, therefore, depend upon the action of this particular Precinct. Within its limits there is certain to be one man whose local sovereignty is so confirmed and generally recognised that it cannot be defied with impunity. He may be a worthy and respectable man, or he may be the keeper of a common pothouse, according to the character of a majority of the resident voters of the Precinct. But, whoever and whatever he be, for the time being the destinies of the pending struggle hang upon his fiat, and his favour and assistance must be secured, either by conciliation or purchase, by the party that is eventually successful. If the policy of the highest bidder accords with his own, so much the better; but, if otherwise, he is satisfied to accept a promise of future reward—for he knows that promise will be kept, the penalty of its violation being his hostility on another similar occasion. The bargain concluded, the election over, and his faction in power, the Ward politician claims the fulfilment of his bond. He has fixed his heart on some post abroad—I will not now say an embassy, but, at least, a consulate. Everybody but himself knows his utter unfitness for the position: he is a coarse, uneducated, even vulgar man, who, perhaps, can scarcely write his own name. He is remonstrated with, flattered, cajoled, urged to accept some station more suited to his capacities; but all in vain. The consulate he will have, and nothing else. They may give him that, or take the consequences of their refusal. And he obtains it. Although anathematizing his obstinacy, his commission is signed, and, a few weeks later, he appears in Europe, with all the conceit and swagger consequent upon his unnatural elevation, to become the laughing-stock of the strange people among whom he struts and swells—the representative of the great American Republic!¹

¹ A consul of this class, who recently received an important document from the State Department, intended solely for his private guidance in a delicate emergency, perhaps ambitious of seeing his name in print, absolutely sent a copy of it to the local newspaper where he was stationed, whence it was quoted

I recollect an individual whose only previous training had been that of an itinerant preacher, but who eventually, in some mysterious manner, acquired the friendship and patronage of a leading politician in one of the interior States, who persuaded him to abandon the pulpit for the rostrum, and secured his return to the Lower House of Congress from a district devoted to his interests—a district in which the ignorance or stupidity of a majority of the voters is said to be such that they have not yet learned of the decease of General Jackson, but have continued to vote for him regularly, every four years, ever since the year 1824. In Congress, the transformed parson was the daily butt of his colleagues, and the perpetual target for the more jocular reporters; but the great politician, who had now become President, still protected him, and finally, at his instance, a partisan Speaker made him chairman of one of the most important committees of the house. In a short time his incompetency became so grossly manifest, and the legislative business suffered so sadly under his management, that the whole country protested against his retention in the post, and it was found absolutely necessary that he should be deposed. But he had done the State, or rather the President, some service, and would not submit peaceably to be thus cashiered. Whether he himself fixed the price of his resignation, which could not be safely refused, or whether owing to the obstinate friendship of his powerful patron, I know not; but I do know that I soon after met him at one of the Continental Courts, where he was swelling with all the importance of an envoy extraordinary, and, if I had not known the two men apart, I should assuredly have mistaken him for the Emperor himself.

Some few years ago I passed the Holy Week in Rome. During one of the festivals at St. Peter's, my attention was directed to a beardless boy, dressed in a magnificent uniform, whom, from the

throughout the kingdom, to the amusement of the people and the consternation and chagrin of its authors.

fact that he was constantly darting hither and thither in every direction, and exceedingly profuse in his obeisances and genuflections, I determined to be, at the very least, in spite of his youth, some important officer of the Pope's body-guard, or deputy-master of the ceremonies. His officiousness and impudence were indescribable, and he evidently regarded himself as an object of the highest admiration to all those whose attention was attracted to, and disgust excited by, his ridiculous antics. What was my chagrin on being informed that he was the American consul at one of the Italian cities! Another beardless boy was at that time the consul at an important seaport in the same territory. In these two instances, as the precocious youths were scarcely out of their teens, it was impossible that they could have rendered political services entitling them to such distinction from the Government; but their fathers had, and thus they claimed and received their reward, and disposed of sons they did not know what to do with at home.

A partisan politician—a Congressman, perhaps a Senator—whose previous services cannot be ignored, but who has run through his fortune, and for whom his creditors lie in wait at every turn—in other words, who has proved himself utterly incapable of managing his own affairs—is unhesitatingly intrusted with those of the nation, and sent to maintain its dignity at one of the most important foreign Courts; and he does it, according to his notion, by imposing all the labour of the embassy upon his secretaries, while he reads novels in his private apartment, chews tobacco incessantly, and borrows money of every person who ventures to intrude upon his retirement.

Another, who, after passing through the various grades of official life, becomes a Cabinet Minister, and shortly after is found implicated in certain speculations on a magnificent scale, barters his seals of office, in response to an intimation that his resignation would be acceptable (for he is still too powerful to be treated more harshly), for an embassy abroad, and turns up an envoy somewhere be-

tween the poles and the equator, where he remains until the old scandal is forgotten.

Such cases as these might be multiplied indefinitely, and I have no hesitation in recounting them, because the evil is a glaring one, and one that might and should be remedied. A little legislation, resulting in the establishment of civil service regulations even less stringent than those adopted in England, would effectually preclude the chances of at least nine-tenths of the applicants for these offices, and enable the Government, without offending its partisans, to make a more judicious selection of its representatives abroad. I do not mean to say that all, or even a large majority, of these representatives are of the character indicated by the illustrations just presented; but I may safely declare, without uttering treason, that too many of them are. I may also add that I know of but one country where the United States' Government has been invariably represented by men of the first order—whether regarded in reference to their private character, public eminence, or general statesmanship—and that is Great Britain. The simple fact, that the American Ambassadors to the Court of St. James have always been the very best men that the country could afford, while little or no deference has been paid to other nations in this particular, ought to be regarded as an evidence of the real respect entertained by the offspring for the parent, in whose eyes it desires to maintain a reputable appearance, in spite of the rebellious and obstinate attitudes it may sometimes assume on minor occasions.

It is over this heterogeneous regiment of diplomatists that the Secretary of State must keep a constant and unwearying watch, and it cannot be doubted that he finds much difficulty in preserving anything like discipline over that portion of it that may be properly denominated the "awkward squad." His weekly, and often semi-weekly, correspondence with these officials is necessarily enormous, and it is no small tax upon his mental organization to retain in his memory the particulars

necessary to a comprehension of each individual case. He must depend, of course, to a great extent, upon the assistance of his immediate staff and corps of subordinates, but still it is absolutely necessary that no order should be issued, and no response received, without his personal cognizance.

In connexion with this portion of his duties, the Secretary of State is also the medium of communication between the Government and the representatives of foreign powers resident at Washington. The diplomatic corps in this city may be said to form a society of its own, almost exclusive in its character, as its members generally, although courteous and accessible on all proper occasions, naturally cling to the social customs with which they have been familiar in their respective countries, and do not readily adopt the system of indiscriminate fraternisation that prevails with the people and Government to which they are accredited. In 1860, their number was twenty-six; of whom sixteen were of the rank of envoys extraordinary and ministers plenipotentiary, five were ministers resident, and five *chargés d'affaires*. Except on extraordinary occasions, their business is all transacted with and through the Secretary of State; and, when it is remembered that this business comprises that of every class and nature, from the making of a treaty to the settlement of a private claim, it may be readily seen that the duties of this official, in his character of Foreign Minister only, are of the most complicated and laborious character.

Besides and in addition to all this, he supervises and controls the action of the governors of the various territories, or incipient states, which, on the 30th of September, 1861, were seven in number; also the commissioners appointed under certain treaties and conventions with foreign powers; and performs other duties that in England are more properly included within the province of the Home Department. It is, however, in his capacity of Foreign Secretary that he is best known, and, as he conducts this branch of the

national business, he confirms or loses his reputation as a statesman, not only with his own country, but with the world at large.

The post of Secretary of State has generally been regarded as the stepping-stone to the Presidency; but the national statistics do not wholly confirm and justify this popular impression. Of the twenty-one incumbents (without, of course, including the present one), only six subsequently became Presidents, viz. Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Martin Van Buren, and James Buchanan. The character and acts of these distinguished men, whether for good or evil, are indelibly recorded in the history of the nation, and are familiar, to a greater or less extent, to all the civilized world. Another—John Marshall—though he did not reach the Presidency, attained what has been described as, in some respects, a higher eminence, the Chief Justiceship of the National Supreme Court. Three others, viz.: Edward Livingston, William L. Marcy, and Lewis Cass, created for themselves honourable and distinguished reputations as statesmen or diplomatists, which will doubtless stand the test of time; but few memories of a distinct and decided character, I imagine, will even now be excited, either at home or abroad, at the mention of the names of Edmund Randolph, Timothy Pickering, Robert Smith, Louis McLane, John Forsyth, Abel P. Upshur, John M. Clayton, and Jeremiah S. Black. They were all, it may be presumed, respectable men and capable politicians in their respective days and generations; but, in some instances, their careers were prematurely closed by death, and, in others, they failed, from various causes, to produce that impression upon the country at large necessary to secure their further elevation. The three unquestionably ablest men the country has produced, at least, in modern times, viz.: Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, and John C. Calhoun—although their personal merits and paramount claims to the distinction were universally acknowledged—owing to the chicanery of party politics, and partly

to the uncertain and defective mode of conducting the national elections, found this "stepping-stone" but a treacherous support for their ambitious feet, and were doomed to witness the coveted prize consigned to other hands just as it seemed within their own grasp.

The first Secretary of State, under the Constitution, was Thomas Jefferson, who was appointed in 1789, and retained the office until 1794, when he was succeeded by Edmund Randolph, who, at the end of about two years, gave place to Timothy Pickering, who served during the remainder of Washington's Administration, and the greater portion of that of John Adams, a part of the last year of which the incumbent was John Marshall. James Madison was the Secretary during the whole of Jefferson's two presidential terms, from 1801 to 1809, and, on succeeding to the Presidency, appointed Robert Smith his own successor in the State Department, who held the office until 1811, when James Monroe accepted it, and retained it until 1817, when he also became President. The Secretary during Monroe's two presidential terms, ending in 1825, was John Quincy Adams, who then succeeded his chief in the Presidency, and gave his old post to Henry Clay, who retained it until the accession of General Jackson, in 1829, when he was succeeded by Martin Van Buren. He served only about two years, when Edward Livingston was appointed, who, two years later, was followed by Louis McLane, who resigned after about a year's incumbency, when John Forsyth became the Secretary, and continued such during the remainder of Jackson's Administration, and the whole of that of his successor, Mr. Van Buren. Daniel Webster was appointed by General Harrison, in 1841, and, after that President's death, was retained by his successor, Mr. Tyler, until 1844, when he was succeeded by Abel P. Upshur, who was accidentally killed about eight weeks after, by the bursting of a gun on board the United States' frigate *Princeton*, and John C. Calhoun occupied the post during the remaining year of Mr. Tyler's Adminis-

tration. James Buchanan was Secretary under Mr. Polk, from 1845 to 1849, and was succeeded by John M. Clayton, who was appointed by General Taylor, after whose death, his successor, Mr. Fillmore, gave the office to Daniel Webster, who held it until 1853. General Pierce then appointed William L. Marcy, who served four years, giving place, at the commencement of Mr. Buchanan's Administration, in 1857, to Lewis Cass, who, in the latter part of the year 1860, disagreeing with the policy of Mr. Buchanan in reference to the great national difficulty then arising, resigned the post, which was filled during the brief remainder of Mr. Buchanan's term by Jeremiah S. Black, who had until then been his Attorney-General.

This brings us to the present incumbent, who was called to the chair of State by Mr. Lincoln, at the outset of his Administration, doubtless because he was the most prominent, if not the most able, man in the Republican party, to which organization both were attached. I have the same delicacy mentioned elsewhere in discussing his character and career, and for the same reasons, to which is also added another, viz., that, unfortunately—perhaps for that gentleman, and possibly for myself—I have never been a very enthusiastic admirer of Mr. William H. Seward as a statesman. As a successful *politician*, who has held distinguished offices in the gift of the American people for a quarter of a century—those of Governor of the proudest State in the Union, and member of the National Senate—and as generally triumphing over every obstacle interposed by scheming enemies in his onward career, his personal history cannot fail to excite the admiration even of his foes. As a man of letters, he has won no unenviable reputation; the more remarkable, because, making no pretensions to authorship, his literary efforts have been mere episodes in his severer labours—simple recreations, rather than arduous tasks—growing naturally out of more important occupations in which he was officially engaged. But nothing is more certain than that a

man may be a good scholar, a fine writer, and even a shrewd and successful politician, and yet fail, under the most favourable circumstances, to become a great statesman. Mr. Seward may be the latter—far be it from me to say that he is not. Thousands of his personal adherents assert not only that he is, but that he is the *greatest* statesman of modern times. My feeble, solitary voice shall not now be raised in denial. Certainly, he is, at present, on his trial before the world, whose final verdict will probably be a just one, and I am content to await it with patience and resignation. In the meantime, a story once told by Mr. Seward of himself may prove suggestive to inquisitive readers, and, its authorship thus declared, I shall be relieved from the charge or suspicion of bearing false or prejudiced testimony against one whom I frankly admit I do not passionately and blindly adore.

"I was," said Mr. Seward, while Governor of New York, "the sole occupant of a stage-coach, journeying to a distant town, and, for the sake of companionship, took a seat upon the driver's box. That individual was a shrewd and sensible man of his class, and our conversation ranged freely over a variety of subjects, the politics of the day, however, being predominant. After an hour or two passed in agreeable discussion, I was ready to be set down at my place of destination, and, on taking leave of my colloquial friend, he expressed a desire to know with whom he had had the pleasure of conversing. I told him my name, and casually added that I was the Governor. The man, instead of being upset by the latter announcement, or betraying any compunctions on account of his late familiarity, looked me boldly in the face, with an audacious leer and a decided wink, and replied: 'That *won't* do, sir; you may be Mr. Seward, but you *ain't* the Governor: *Thurlow Weed* is the Governor of New York.'

"And do you know," continued the Governor *de jure*, with praiseworthy ingenuousness, "that I believe the fellow *really knew me?*"

THE PRUSSIAN CONTEST, AND THE FRENCH EMPEROR'S ROMAN POLICY.

Two important political facts of the last month have been—the announcement by the King of Prussia that he means to show to his subjects that the part of Charles the First of England may be performed over again with new results in these times and amid a German population; and the decision of the Emperor of the French that he is still to sustain the Pope, and prevent Rome from becoming the capital of the Kingdom of Italy.

These two facts have this in common, that they are calculated vividly to remind us, in these islands of ours, that there are still parts of the earth, very near us, where the will of one man may possess a degree of efficacy, as regards direct political consequences, such as we have long ceased to witness, or to consider possible, among ourselves. There is no human being amongst us whose single obstinacy could block the current of our national ideas and commerce; there is no human being amongst us upon whose single determination it could depend whether the national weight of Britain should be thrown into one scale or the other of any great cause publicly adjusting itself anywhere abroad. A Gladstone or a Bright, indeed, may wield an important influence on our system of taxation, or other parts of our internal polity; and it may happen, as we fear it happens now, that a supreme Palmerston may be able so far to commit us, in the dark, to some such wretched chimera of foreign politics as that “preservation of the integrity of the Turkish Empire,” of which we hear so much, but of which—both phrase and thing—the best of us are beginning to be sick, and of which we shall all unanimously be sick to nausea ere long. But not the most powerful man among us can do anything of large political effect, sheerly of his own will, that would not be done otherwise; and

if our Cabinet do proceed, for example, to the recognition of the nationality of the Southern States of America, it will be because, though many of us may object to such a course, there will have seemed to be sufficient demand for it among the rest, and sufficient certainty of backing. Everywhere in the world, our social philosophers tell us, the most powerful individual men are but the mouthpieces of general tendencies, and succeed only so far as they express what must be at any rate; but, where tendencies have ten thousand mouths, it rarely depends on the “Yes” or the “No” of any one mouth what turn things will be seen taking, even for twenty-four hours.

We are bound to view with peculiar interest the progress of the constitutional struggle which has been begun in Prussia. History is not apt, any more than nature, to repeat herself very exactly. But this Prussian struggle, in its present stage, is marvellously like the beginning of the struggle of our own Charles the First with the English people, and sends us back to those years, 1626-1628, when Charles quarrelled with his first Parliaments on the subject of tonnage and poundage, as well as on more spiritual matters, and, getting no satisfaction from them, dissolved them one after another, and took to governing for eleven years without a Parliament. There may not be in the present popular cause in Prussia all that accumulation of noble ingredients which dignifies in history the English Liberalism of the days of Eliot, and Pym, and Hampden. There may be more of the mere Tonnage and Poundage question in it, and less of those other great questions of intellectual and spiritual liberty with which the Tonnage and Poundage question in England was then inextricably associated. But, allowance being made for

change of time and place, it does seem that among the Prussian Liberals there is the sense of wrongs of a general kind—of systematic and long-continued oppressions of many of the various liberties and just desires of an intelligent and well-educated nation—entitling their present struggle with the Crown to something even of that high respect with which the struggle of the English Liberals with Charles, in the beginning of his reign, is now universally regarded. The battle may be upon the Budget; but there are other grievances, and many of them, behind. Though we knew nothing of Prussia by more direct means, we have the assurances of this in the voices of such men as Humboldt and Varnhagen von Ense, speaking from their graves through their letters and diaries, and uttering those posthumous criticisms of the public men and events of the last Prussian reign the sharpness of which almost scandalizes propriety. But, even if we regard the struggle only in its obvious aspect as a battle of the Budget, it has strong claims on our interest. That any king under a Constitution, were he the wisest that lives, should, for the support of an increased army, or for any other purpose, insist on having more of his people's money than they through their representatives will vote him, and, when these representatives are firm, should announce his intention of taking the money without their consent "by means beyond the Constitution"—this is a course of royal conduct antipathy to which, and the conviction that it ought to be opposed and frustrated, may surely be assumed as incorporate with English nerve and blood. The right of the Commons over the national purse is a fundamental principle in our own politics, and we can hardly avoid extending it to Prussia. Were the present Prussian king the wisest king that lives, and were his determination to have a large army clearly an act of wisdom in opposition to the unanimous blockheadism of his Parliament, some among us, perhaps, might not care though we kept the English principle to ourselves and

did not let it cross the salt water. But it does not appear, from any evidence that we yet have, that the present Prussian king is the wisest king living; nor does it appear that the entire assembly of respectable men to whom the Prussians have delegated the right of judging for them in such matters are fools and blind to the true interests of their country, in thinking a certain amount of armed force sufficient. Nothing, then, as far as appears, ought to hinder Prussian Liberalism from having full sympathy from Britain in its present movement—there being reserved, of course, full liberty of criticising, should it seem worth while still to do so, the past conduct of Prussian liberalism, and full liberty also of observing how, from this new starting-point, it will continue to conduct itself.

The Prussian Liberal leaders are said to have made, for the purposes of this very struggle, a minute study of that English precedent which could not but suggest itself even had it not before been thought of, but which they are believed to have deliberately kept in view as their model. As accurate Germans, their own historical researches have probably given them more exact knowledge of the methods by which the English constitutional struggle was carried on to success than can well be furnished them offhand by the less learned British journalists who are advising them and patting them on the back. It is not likely, therefore, that the grand maxim of "Passive Resistance," in which all here have agreed as the best advice to be sent over, will startle them by its novelty. But it is one thing to have a historical knowledge how a certain people behaved in given circumstances, and another to be able to do as they did. Have the Prussians the energy, on the one hand, and the obdurate stubbornness on the other, required for a successful policy of passive resistance? We miss, at this outset of the Prussian struggle, anything equivalent to that declaration with which the English House of Commons, in March 1628-9, announced *their* policy of passive re-

sistance, and told how terrible it was to be. In their last sitting, in uproar and with closed doors, they drew up three resolutions, to be left in the ear of the English nation as their parting words—of which these were two:—

"Whosoever shall counsel or advise the taking or the levying of the subsidies of tonnage and poundage, not being granted by Parliament, or shall be an actor or instrument therein, shall be reputed an innovator in the Government, and a capital enemy to the kingdom and commonwealth.

"If any merchant or person whatsoever shall voluntarily yield or pay the said subsidies of tonnage and poundage, not being granted by Parliament, he shall likewise be reputed a betrayer of the liberties of England, and an enemy to the same."

The Prussian Assembly had, perhaps, no opportunity for such a declaration before *their* dismissal, even had it been right or expedient in their circumstances; and it is also to be remembered that this declaration came from the English Parliament at a rather late stage in their struggle, and when they had become vehement. Without any such defiant and irritating declaration, unnecessary at this stage, the Prussian people may carry out practically and quietly, as the English people did, the policy it points to. If the King fulfils his threat, there may be, as there was in England everywhere, resistance to the tax-gatherer by courageous householders. There may then be trials in law-courts. There may be Prussian John Hampdens and Richard Chambers, fighting the public cause to their last shilling, and going to prison rather than pay. And so there may be that accumulation of individual prosecutions and persecutions, and of all sorts of illegal acts, which is sure to bring things to a dead-lock. This policy, if persevered in, even without any general outbreak, must, in the nature of things, succeed. It is to be hoped that the first real indication that it is likely to be persevered in will shake the King's purpose, and dispossess him of his notion that the part of Charles the First may be performed now with a complete variation in the style of the consequences.

British sympathy for the Italian cause, in the new phase given to it by the recent decision of the French Emperor, requires no such solicitation as may be necessary to evoke an interest in the Prussian question. It exists ready-made. The Garibaldi Riots in various parts of the country are seriously, though rudely, significant. They show that the idea of the unity of Italy, and of the suppression of the temporal Papacy as necessary to this unity, has firmly gained possession, as only such simple and definite ideas can, of the universal popular mind. The process of education has been gradual; and, perhaps, only in the form of a sentiment of personal admiration for a man like Garibaldi could such a notion at the last have been so suddenly and strongly diffused. The consequences cannot but be important as regards the possible foreign policy of our Government for some time to come. If on no other foreign question, at least on the Italian question, the mass of the British people have made up their minds, and know exactly what they wish for. On this question, therefore, if on no other foreign one, the Government have the eyes of Argus upon them, and all that compulsion towards one particular line of policy, by whatever diplomatic methods they may pursue it, which must result from the consciousness that they are jealously and multitudinously watched, and acting for a vast constituency, the very dregs of which are under the excitement of a belief which is also, though less excitingly, that of the thoughtful. The Government, however, hardly now needs this stimulus on the Italian question. That Italy from the Alps to Sicily should be one nation; that it would be a good thing for the world, politically, commercially, and intellectually, if it were so; that it is a pity that this result is not consummated in a peaceful manner, by the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome, and the cession of the Venetian territories by Austria—this, we may say, is the belief of the whole British nation, with the exception of

those few among us who are always eccentric about everything, and those Irish and other Ultra-Romanists who, being at a distance from the Papacy, have of course a much more correct theory of what the Papacy should be than the Italians among whom it festers. It is rarely that so general and simple a belief corresponds so absolutely with that which all study and all high authority also pronounce to be the right one. It is interesting at the present moment to know, for example, that the unity of Italy, besides being the idea of all the greatest Italians from Dante downwards, and of all the ablest political thinkers who in other countries have recently concerned themselves about Italy, was also an idea of the First Napoleon—is, in fact, one of the *Idees Napoléoniennes*. Among Napoleon's dictations at St. Helena was one remarkable memoir about Italy, which, besides being the very best geographical description of any country in a small space with which we are acquainted, contains the great exile's views as to the necessary political future of the land that was his native land till France borrowed him. "Italy," he there says, "isolated by her natural limits, separated by the sea and by very high mountains from the rest of Europe, seems to be called to form a great and powerful nation; but she has in her configuration a capital vice, which one may consider as the cause of the misfortunes she has experienced, and of the morselling out of this beautiful land into several independent monarchies or republics. Her length is out of proportion to her breadth." Even this difficulty—now nearly annihilated by the railways and steamers which he did not foresee—Napoleon was convinced might be got over. He predicted that Italy would one day be a nation; he specified particularly that, owing to the extent of her sea-coast, it would be as "a maritime power" that she would be great—greater, as such, than either France or Spain; and he occupied himself with the question, which of all the chief Italian cities would be the best capital for the new

European State. "Opinions," he said, "are divided as to the place which would be the most fitting capital of Italy. Some mention Venice, because the first want of Italy is to be a maritime power." Then, after some detail of the reasons assigned in favour of Venice, he proceeds:—

"Others are led by history and by ancient memories to Rome. They say that Rome is more central; that it is within range of the three great islands of Sicily, Sardinia, and Corsica; that it is convenient for Naples, the largest population of Italy; that it is at a proper distance from all points of the frontier that can be attacked; that, whether the enemy presented himself on the French frontier, the Swiss frontier, or the Austrian frontier, Rome is at a distance of from 120 to 140 French leagues; that, were the boundary of the Alps forced, Rome is protected by the boundary of the Po, and, finally, by the boundary of the Apennines; that France and Spain are great maritime powers, although they have not their capitals at a port; that Rome, near the coasts of the Mediterranean and the Adriatic, is in a position rapidly and economically to provide, by the Adriatic and through Ancona and Venice, for the defence of the frontier of the Isonzo and the Adige; that, by the Tiber, Genoa, and Villafranca, she could provide for the needs of the frontier of the Var and the Cottian Alps; that she is happily situated for harassing, by the Adriatic and the Mediterranean, the flanks of any army that should pass the Po and engage in the Apennines without being mistress of the sea; that from Rome the supplies which a great capital contains could be transported upon Naples and Tarento, so as to recover them from a victorious enemy; that, in fine, Rome exists; that she offers many more resources for the wants of a great capital than any city of the world; and that, above all, she has in her favour the magic and the nobleness of her name. We also think that, though she may not have all the desirable qualities, Rome is, beyond contradiction, the capital which the Italians will one day choose."

This, it will be observed, was dictated at St. Helena; and it may be only of those *Idees Napoléoniennes* which the First Napoleon ventilated when he was Emperor of the French that his successor, the present Emperor, may consider himself bound to be the executor. Indeed, in the very picture sketched by the First Napoleon, of the future of the United Italy—of the power of such a State to rival France herself—there is much to dissuade his successor from being in any violent hurry to see the picture realized.

Doubtless this feeling—dislike to see the new Power of formidable promise, which he has helped to build, fairly launched, and desire to prolong her weak and incomplete condition, or, at least, to keep her on the stocks a little longer—has operated in the Emperor's protracted obstinacy in keeping his French troops in Rome. Else, surely, the opportunity he has recently had of leaving the Pope to his own subjects, without disgrace and without giving the French Catholics any reasonable ground for finding fault, was as good as he could look for. But he may feel himself, on the Roman question, in a greater complication of difficulties than we in Britain can understand. *Here* we press for a simple solution. But the French Emperor is not a man whom simple solutions suit. "A simple solution!" he is said to have replied to a British diplomatist, whom he invited to be frank with him as to what *he* would do in this very matter of Rome, and who hinted the simple solution of withdrawing the troops; "Oh, yes, I dare say! It would be a simple solution of that, and of many other things at the same time, if I were to leap out at that window; and many people would be glad to see it. But I am not going to do it, for all that." Nevertheless, it is the part of Great Britain, by all prudent means, to press, through the French Emperor—or past him, if it cannot be through him—towards this simple solution. He has, in the meantime, signalled the indefinite continuation of his past Italian policy, by appointing as his foreign minister, and as his ambassador at Rome, men who are pledged to that view of the Papacy which regards it as a cosmopolitan institution requiring for its soil and territorial basis a temporal kingdom in Central Italy—which ill-fated portion of Europe must, if requisite, be deprived of that right of independence and self-government accorded to all the rest, in order that the cosmopolitan tree may have quiet manure at its roots. Even among French liberals this view has supporters. But here in Britain—among Protestants, at least—it can have none. Nay, and the Roman

Catholics in these islands would do well to think that, by maintaining it in the manner some of them have been doing lately, they may perchance rouse among their fellow-subjects a new and reinvigorated and even more reasonable form of that "No Popery" cry which has long been unheard among us save in fanatical corners. We have not for many a day seen a better, a more finely-worded, or a more truly English bit of remonstrance, than that which has been addressed by the *Saturday Review* to Cardinal Wiseman on his recent pastoral *apropos* of the Garibaldi Riots, through the Cardinal, to British Roman Catholics. The passage on the Cardinal's rhetoric ought to be preserved as a piece of descriptive criticism quite masterly for its verbal exactness:—

"If we might be permitted to describe in appropriate language Cardinal Wiseman's Pastoral, addressed on Sunday last to his dear children, we should say that it was what the ladies call a sweet pretty letter. It is so very rich and unctuous in language, so greasy and slobbering in thought and diction, such a feast of luscious things compounded of lollipop and goody, that it very nearly turns a man's stomach. Perhaps it is of the nature of these ecclesiastical writings, which survive as the sole relic of the style of the Lower Empire, that they suggest how a Narses would have written. There is a semivirous and emasculate squeaking treble in the whole composition. There is no manly ring—no plain, bold, decided exhortation—no clear, strong enunciation of duty—but a coaxing, wheedling, purring, and fondling tone, which is only not simply disgusting because here and there the manly tones of Scripture are struck. Of course, we are not such judges as the Cardinal is likely to be what suits his dear 'Children of St. Patrick;' but we should much doubt whether an English cabman or costermonger would feel complimented by being addressed in language fit, if for anybody endowed with a rational soul, scarcely for a puling girl just in her teens. To judge only by the sort of language addressed to them, one would imagine the London Irish to be some soft, flaccid, placid, mild-eyed Tahitian people, full only of gentle thoughts, and susceptible only of mild, affectionate intercourses. . . . If the demon of Irish discord can be soothed by these honey-cakes, the Roman Catholic clergy have been much to blame for not scattering such very cheap oil on the waves of many an old and bloody sedition and rebellion."

It is to be hoped that there are Roman Catholics in Britain capable of another

rhetoric and another style of thought than those of the Cardinal. There are signs that such is the case; among which is the starting of a new first-class Roman Catholic periodical in London, not devoted to the Cardinal's views of what Catholicism is and requires. But the prime necessity for the development of such a style of thought among British Roman Catholics as shall exempt them from that richly deserved castigation of the Cardinal which we have quoted, and shall give any expositions they may have to make of the claims of Catholicism a chance of being listened to by men who know manly thought when they see it, is that among them too there should be a recognition and open avowal of the doctrine held by many eminent Catholics abroad, that the Papacy is a spiritual institution, to be left to its own intellectual chances in the world, and not a temporal power requiring, for the benefit of all, to be rooted in the misery, the corruption, and the detestation of any mass of selected victims.

The French Emperor, it is believed, looks forward to the death of the present Pope as likely to be a fit moment for

some modification of the Papacy in its political relations with Italy. Waiting for this moment, he is content to keep things as they are at Rome, and to bear with both the obstinacy of the Pope and the indignation of the Italians. But that he should thus, in the face of the opinion of all liberal Europe, still persist in avoiding the "simple solution" that seemed the other day almost forced upon him, suggests ominously the nature of the arrangements which he hopes to make when the proper moment comes. It seems clear that, if he can help it, the unity of Italy will *not* be achieved, and that he is still occupying himself with some dream of a divided or federalized Italy in which the Papacy shall have its suitable part and French influence shall be maintained. That he may be thwarted in this, and that he may find himself compelled after all to accept "the simple solution," is what we are bound fervently to wish. It is to his advantage, and to the detriment of the Italian cause at present, that the administration of the kingdom of Italy should be in the hands of a Ratazzi. But Italy will find means to accomplish her destiny.